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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE DYING SOLDIER'S VISION.

WRITTEN BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

On the blood-crimsoned field of Manassas, at the close of that direful day,
When the triple-tongued Serpent of Treason held the Eagle of Justice at bay;
When the roar of the cannons had ended, and the din of the battle was o'er,
A soldier, who fought for the Union, lay wounded and welt'ring in gore.

Pierced thro' the breast by a bullet, gashed by a sword on the head,
Pale and pallid and dying, the blood-clotted turf for his bed;
Murderous, pitiless faces glaring like fiends on his pain;
Brothers and comrades, around him, vanquished and bleeding and slain.

Still, in his death-hour undaunted, placid and smiling he lay;
His glazing eyes tenderly watching the close of the sweet Sabbath day;
Watching the leaves as they rustled, watching the sun in the West,
Dreaming of loved ones far distant, dreaming of Heaven and Rest.

As thus he lay watching and dreaming, the Rebel Flag floating on high,
Murky and dark and disastrous, a blotch on the blue summer sky,
Upborne by the gale that was rising, swept over his head like a blight,
And the soldier fell back, with a shudder, and covered his eyes from the sight.

"O God of my country!" he murmured, I cheerfully yield up my life;
I mourn not for home and its pleasures, I grieve not for children and wife;
"Though I know she will sit by the hearth-stone, and weep o'er the list of the slain,
And the children will run to the door-way, And watch for my coming in vain,

"I am willing to die for the Union, but let not that Traitorous Rag
Dishonor the death of a soldier who died for his Country's Flag!"

Scarce had the prayer been uttered, when, moved by a power not their own,
Swayed like the boughs of a forest by the breath of a tempest oe'r-blown,
Slowly the rebel battalions filed off in a mass to the right,
And the *God-accursed* ensign of Treason was lost in the gloom of the night.

And, all of a sudden, the Heavens burst out in a sheet of flame—
Stars and *Stripes* intermingling, countless and dazzling they came;
'Till the sky, to its uttermost limits, was like a vast banner unrolled,
Striped with gorgeous crimson, and spangled with *Stars* of gold.

The soldier gazed with wonder on the Heaven-created thing,
Then his eye lit up with rapture, and he rose to his feet with a spring.

"The Star-spangled Banner!" he shouted, then heavily fell to the sod,
And, wrapt in the passing glory, his soul went up to its God.

Vain, O vain, ye Rebels, is the foolish war ye wage!
As well might ye strive, in your blindness, your childish, impotent rage,
To pluck from the vault of Heaven the stars that begem the night,
As to rob our country's banner of a single orb of light.

Stafford county, Va., June 19, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

VIOLA VENNOND;

OR, LIFE ON THE BORDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA,

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, ESQ.

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CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE.

"I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now."

Summerfield, by long and seemingly cheerful obedience to the Medicine Woman's veriest whims, succeeded in convincing her that he meditated no hope of escape, and was willing to reside with her tribe for life. Several times she had hinted that there might be opportunity offered, but he stated that, as he had no friends among the whites, he cared not to avail himself of it; and thus, as we have said, she came to believe, in time, that he was contented with his lot. Thus he gained considerable liberty for himself, and was often absent for a long time from the village without exciting any apprehensions upon her part.

The other savages, however, were more suspicious. When they saw Summerfield wandering away, one or two generally managed to keep their eyes upon him until they saw him safe back in the lodge of the Medicine Woman. The long-expected and hoped-for time at last came. Summerfield was compelled to make the attempt sooner than he anticipated.

One morning he arose, and taking one of the Medicine Woman's rifles, told her that he believed he should spend the day in hunting. She made no objection, but admonished him to be on hand before evening, as she would then need his help. He promised obedience, and, throwing the gun over his shoulder, stepped lightly forth. The hour was so early that, as he gazed about him, he saw that the village was not yet astir. In fact, he did not see a soul save one solitary squaw, who noticed him not.

But Summerfield was seen himself. There happened, by merest chance, to be a warrior who observed him leaving the village. This savage was his greatest enemy, and had insulted and abused him upon more than one occasion. Seizing his rifle, he stealthily and silently followed Summerfield, who dreamt of no pursuer. There was a demoniacal gleaming of the Indian's eye that boded no good for the white prisoner. He seemed pleased and intensely gratified at this opportunity to carry out some cherished plan of his, and it was with a triumphant air that he hastened forward, as he saw he was travelling very rapidly. Had Summerfield seen him, he might have avoided him; but, as was said, he believed that no savage was aware of his departure, and hastened on in fancied security.

When he left the village, he had no thought of attempting an escape, but intended to gain still more of the old woman's confidence by his punctual obedience. But he had wandered but a mile or so when the thought suddenly flashed upon him that the proper moment had arrived to make the attempt! The wild hope thus suddenly awakened completely overcame him, and, with a heart throbbing painfully, he seated himself upon the earth and gave way to his emotion. In a few moments he mastered it, and began calmly reflecting upon the chances that favored him. He possessed a good, trusty rifle, and was well supplied with ammunition. This was his only weapon, yet it was sufficient to answer all purposes. And when would another more favorable opportunity be given him? What was to hinder him now? Could there be a better combination of circumstances in his favor? He would make the attempt. He would have a day and night before there would be danger of pursuit, and in that time he could place a long distance between himself and his enemies. Yes, he would make the trial at all hazards.

He had just formed this determination and arisen to his feet, when he heard a step beside him, and gazing up, saw the form of an Indian, whom he recognized as his deadliest enemy. He affected no surprise, but gazed at him as though his appearance at this particular moment was a matter of course. He could not avoid, however, noticing the devilish grin that was on his face.

"Eh! very brave, gone to run away! eh!" said the savage, halting and gazing into his face.

Now that Summerfield had formed the determination, he had also determined that nothing should stand in the way of the attempt. Besides, he remembered the indignities that he had received at the hands of this savage, and he made up his mind that they were finished. He should suffer no more.

"Who said I was going to run away?" he demanded.

"Eh, you run away!"

"Who said so, I say?"

"Me say so! me say so!"

"Then suppose I tell you, you lie most deucedly?"

"What's that? what's that?" demanded the savage, not fully comprehending him.

"Nothing, only you're a terrible old liar."

"Me scalp you! me scalp you!" said the Indian, his eyes glittering like a basilisk's.

"I don't know about that, my copper-colored friend; it takes *two* to make such a bargain."

"Give me gun! give me gun!" said he, reaching for Summerfield's rifle.

"No, I thank you; I ain't such a fool as that."

The savage was growing furious. He saw that his demands were refused, and he received in turn insult for insult.

"You run away?" he asked.

"Well, yes, old copper-head, that's my intention. Any objections? I find I am losing time palavering with you, and if you have got anything to say, why out with it most deuced quick." Summerfield leaned very graciously on his gun, and grinned in the savage's face.

"Give me gun! give me gun!" he again demanded.

"Well, take it then," said Summerfield, reaching it toward him.

The savage stepped forward, but as his hand touched it it was withdrawn, and Summerfield, to console him in his disappointment, placed his thumb on his nose, shut one eye, and twirled his fingers in a tantalizing manner. This was too much for the infuriated savage, and, with a terrific whoop of rage, he jerked out his knife and sprang upon him. But Summerfield knew that this movement would follow, and was prepared for it. Seizing his rifle by the barrel, he swung it quickly around his head, bringing the stock down with a stunning crash upon the skull of the savage. This done, he again rested it upon the earth, folded his arm over the muzzle, and gazed complacently at his fallen enemy.

"Come, old chap, how long are you going to lie there?" he asked at last.

The only answer was several painful twitches of the limbs.

"I'll give you a minute, and if you don't come to time, why you're licked. Do you understand?"

Several struggles as before were the only answer.

"Well, old fellow, you're whipped, and whipped about as nicely as you ever were in your life, I reckon," said Summerfield.

The savage still remained unconscious, and he approached him. He found that he had given him quite a wound, that would keep him insensible for a long time.

"Being it's you, suppose I relieve you of the extra weight of these trinkets." So saying, Summerfield took a couple of knives from his waist, his gun, and all his ammunition, thus leaving him entirely unarmed, and supplying himself as well as he could wish.

"There! when you come to, just give my compliments to the folks at home, and reserve my good wishes for yourself. Good-bye."

He sprang away, for he realized fully that his time was incalculably precious. The Indian would shortly recover, return, and the pursuit would be commenced. Capture would be certain death. The Medicine Woman's interference would avail nothing, and should she be convinced that her prisoner was endeavoring to leave her, she would not resist the demands of the tribe.

He sprang away like a frightened animal. The ground seemed to fly from under him, and he hardly paused for breath until the sun was high in the heavens. Then he found himself upon the banks of a swift flowing stream. It was some twenty yards wide, and appeared very deep. The water was exceedingly clear and limpid, and the white pebbles could be seen glistening upon the bottom for a long distance. He hesitated about entering it, for it was icy cold, and it seemed nearly impossible to stem the strong current. At length, however, he ventured, and resolutely plunged in. It sent the shiver through him, but he breasted it manfully and succeeded in soon reaching the opposite bank. He judged it was now past noon, and concluded to rest awhile and dry his garments. He examined and found that his ammunition was still dry and ready to use; but he was startled to find that he had lost one of his rifles. He had bound them to his back upon entering the water, and one had slipped out and fallen to the bottom without his knowledge. At first he was disposed to attempt the recovery of it, but at last concluded that it was no great loss after all. Fortunately it was the one that he had taken from the savage, and its loss was still less than his own would have been. Its weight had been thus far nothing but an impediment, and he consoled himself with the idea that one would benefit him as much as two.

Hardly a half hour was spent in rest, when he hastened on again. He travelled by the sun, keeping in a southerly direction, and carefully guarding against the tendency that persons in his situation are subjected to; that is, of journeying in a circle. Several times he found that he had unconsciously changed his direction, and the utmost watchfulness was necessary to guard against a mistake that might be fatal. He judged that he could not be far from the Black Hills, and that he must be very near, if not directly upon the trapping grounds of the whites. This fact nerved him with hope, and gave him confidence in the chances before him.

As the sun had nearly reached the horizon, he came upon the banks of another stream of considerable size. This, he saw, ran from the direction he wished to follow, and, instead of crossing it, he determined to keep along its banks. There would thus be no danger of travelling in a wrong direction, and a certainty of going south. The stream had its rise in the southern part of the Black Hills, and, after flowing northward, united with the Sweetwater, and eventually joined the turbid waters of the great Missouri. The journeying here was comparatively easy also.

Ere night came upon him nature began to show itself. He was not only fatigued but intensely hungry, and felt that he must have food of some kind before he slept. Strangely enough, he had not come across any game, and it seemed that the country contained none. But fortune favored him, for, all at once, he stumbled upon a large bed of *commotes*. This is a species of fruit found in the river bottoms of this section. It so closely resembles the common radish, both in form and taste, that it is often mistaken for it, and some have gone so far as to assert that it is really the same fruit growing wild. It is somewhat more healthy and nutritious than the latter, and is probably a different vegetable.

Summerfield discerned several large fish sporting lazily in the water, and, judging one to be near enough to the surface, fired at it; but the bullet only flattened itself and dropped to the bottom without harming the fish. A piece of commote succeeded, however, in bringing one to the surface, and he, by a dexterous movement, secured it. This he was compelled to eat raw, which indeed was palatable in that state. This fully satisfied the cravings of hunger, and as darkness had already commenced he judged it prudent to look around for a resting-place. Bordering the stream were a number of large cottonwoods, and selecting one of these, he ascended it. The branches were large and full, and passing out upon one, he secured himself in such a position that he deemed no movement of his own could dislodge him. His rifle rested upon the limb above him, and his position was as really comfortable as it was possible to make it.

Resting thus pleasantly, it was not long before the drowsiness of sleep came over him. Although he heard the clear, ringing yell of a panther in the distance, he did not let it disturb him, but resolutely closed his eyes, and was soon in the realm of sleep.

Toward midnight he had a startling dream. It seemed that he was running, without arms of any kind, and was pursued by a gigantic savage, who gained rapidly upon him at every step. He strove, in an agony of terror, to escape, but at last in despair sank to the earth. As the savage sprang upon him, he endeavored to scream, and—awoke, and found that he was falling. He clutched desperately at the limbs, but it availed nothing, and gliding swiftly through the branches, he struck the earth. The distance was short, and he was not hurt in the least by the fall. He found, however, that he was in a cold sweat of fear, and quickly ascended the tree again. The moon had arisen, and he could distinctly discern objects at a considerable distance.

He was provoked at this mishap, yet it was the most providential circumstance that could have befallen him. Like many other misfortunes, it was a disguised blessing. He had been in the tree but a few moments when he was startled by hearing a twig break, and gazing downward, he saw, stealthily moving forward upon his trail, the being of his dream! A swarthy, powerful savage was coming directly toward the tree! His head was bent, and Summerfield well knew that he was seeking his life.

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

"The ruthless howl of a wolf replied
In echoes, prolonged, from side to side
Of the dusky hills, when, from a steep,
Far distant up the mountainous sweep,
Startled, in his dismal keep,
A monster owl, with wild halloo
To whit! to-whoo!
Shook the gorges through and through."

There was no time for hesitation. The savage was upon Summerfield's trail, and the bright moon enabled him to follow it rapidly and surely. He did not deem he was so near the object of his search, but still was using customary caution. The breaking of the twig was a strange accident. The whole truth flashed across Summerfield at once, and reaching up and taking his rifle, he took a quick but sure aim at the savage and fired! There was that cry of agony, the leap in the air, and he lay a quivering corpse beneath the tree.

"God grant that there are no more!" exclaimed the fugitive, hastily reloading.

He waited in fearful expectation a long time, but as none others appeared, he concluded that this must be the only one upon his track. After an hour or so, he descended to examine the body. He was gratified to find that it did not belong to the tribe he had left. It was probably some solitary hunter who had accidentally come upon his trail, and with characteristic cunning judged it to be a white man's, and had followed it for the purpose of slaying him. Summerfield found that the bullet had entered at the top of the head and passed out through the back; of course he was stone dead, and stark and stiff. He turned him over, and could not avoid experiencing a feeling of regret at the necessity that had compelled him to take this human being's life. His eyes were half closed and appeared filmy and glassy, and his countenance had the horrid ghastliness of death. One hand clutched his rifle with a rigid grasp, and the other was clinched upon his own side. Summerfield forced the fingers apart and took the rifle, his powder horn, his bullet pouch, and his scalping-knife. This done, he ascended the tree, determined to either bury the body in the morning, or carefully cover it with twigs and leaves.

"Heaven knows that I desired not your life! Were it possible, I would give it back to you now, could I do so without endangering my own!"

But regrets were useless. The savage was dead beyond all hope of recovery, and Summerfield had nothing to do but to make the best of it.

He found that both of his rifles were loaded, and carefully extending them upon two branches overhead, he arranged his position so that he might sleep without danger of falling. Uttering a prayer to the only Being whose eye saw him, he folded his arms and patiently waited for the gentle goddess to come. He had lain a half hour thus, and had reached that state when one is neither asleep nor awake, when he was startled by that long, indescribable howl of the mountain wolf! It was a long way off, but he dreaded that fact. He listened, and in a moment it was heard again, now perceptibly nearer than before; and this time it was accompanied by several others! In a moment more there was another chorus, nearer, and still increased by a great number. In a short time came an answering howl from a nearly the opposite quarter, then another from a different point, and in twenty minutes it seemed that the whole country was alive and swarming with them! He supposed that a number had scented his trail and that of the savage, and had given these signals to the others in the neighborhood. At any rate, he knew that they were all centreing toward the tree, and would be there in an unpleasantly short time.

They were not the common prairie wolf, but the real mountain wolf—an animal as much fiercer and more courageous than the former as is the bear to the common dog. At this season of the year they were nearly famished, and would hesitate to attack nothing. They generally united in great numbers, and no single body could withstand their determined onslaughts. Incredible as it may seem, instances have occurred in which the grizzly bear has been overcome by their persistent and prolonged attacks.

Summerfield was gratified that he was in a large-sized tree. He had heard cases of wolves in other countries gnawing down trees of considerable size; but he had never known a mountain wolf of the West to attempt such a thing. He had not much fear for his *present* safety, but how to elude them on the morrow occasioned the most thought and trouble.

In a few moments, he saw the lank form of a large, gaunt wolf, and immediately a multitude, and in an incredible short space of time the ground beneath the tree was alive with them. They came from every direction, and their numbers seemed exhaustless. The foremost scented the body of the savage, and sprang upon it and tore it in shreds in an instant. He saw a couple struggling over the arms, and in twenty minutes there was nothing left but the glistening bones, and they still snarled and fought over these, scattering them in every direction.

Then they turned their horrid, bloody jaws up to Summerfield, as if to ask him to descend.

"Yes; I suppose you would like to taste my precious carcass," said he. "No doubt Indian meat has whetted your appetite somewhat, but I think rather too much of myself to mingle in your society. You must really excuse me."

The wolves were leaping and plunging upwards, fairly crazed by the taste of blood that they had had. The moon was so bright that Summerfield could discern their movements as plainly as if it was broad day. He saw one large fellow become wounded by the claw of another in the struggle that they were all engaged at. A small quantity of blood issued from the wound which was on his side, and in the twinkling of a moment he was pounced upon by a score of others, who tore him limb from limb!

"What a pity you wouldn't all do that?" said Summerfield, as he witnessed it.

As he had two rifles and plenty of ammunition, he determined to do it for them. So, taking his own, he fired at random. A sharp yelp told the result, and the snapping of jaws and growlings of hate betokened his fate. Summerfield waited a moment, until he judged that this had been devoured, and then discharged the second rifle among those that were at some distance from the tree. All plunged in that direction, and were instantly engaged in the repast over the fallen one. By the time the rifles were reloaded, there was nothing left of this one save his bones. Again he fired, and again the same result took place. Their appetites seemed insatiate. Summerfield really wondered whether the last wolf would not still demand food after he had help to eat all the rest! Such a thing seemed probable indeed.

He had just loaded his rifle and placed it above him for use, when it slipped and fell to the ground. The greedy animals immediately sprang upon it and clawed it as though it were another victim. Summerfield immediately fired to withdraw their attention from it, lest they should injure it. This practice he kept up for nearly an hour, until he judged that he must have slain over twenty. His powder was now getting low, and he deemed it best to preserve it for future use. Accordingly, reloading it, he placed it above him and engaged himself in gazing down upon the strange sight that met his gaze. Their actions afforded him amusement for a time, but soon they began to alarm him. Some were leaping upwards so furiously that they caught at the lowermost limbs, and there was really danger of their remaining upon them. All at once, Summerfield saw that one had actually reached, and was upon the limb! As quick as lightning he caught his rifle and sent the bullet crashing through his head. He started and rolled to the ground, where, of course, he met the fate of his companions.

Our hero judged it best to fire at intervals, when there was a probability of the wolves becoming too clamorous and furious. Every now and then he could see numbers approach and join the main body, until nothing could be seen but their dark, struggling bodies. As the moon, at intervals, was veiled by some passing cloud, their forms darkened, and resembled some hideous denizens of the lower regions. And then again, as their tawny hides, flashing eyes, and glistening teeth came to view, their appearance was, if possible, more horrid and terrific than before. Summerfield felt that his was certainly a strange situation. He knew not where a single human being except himself was. He was alone in the Far West, driven to a tree by a horde of famished wolves, and in the middle of the night was compelled to keep watch to save himself from one of the most horrible deaths that could befall him.

Despite his fearful position and the terrific noises around him, he began to give way to a heavy drowsiness! He started with terror when he found it gaining upon him, and strove to the utmost to shake it off; but, strange as it may seem, he failed. He kept moving from limb to limb, until it seemed that his strength was entirely gone, and then, with a sad want of foresight, concluded to seat himself comfortably and watch the yelping wolves beneath him! What might be expected, followed—the result that had nearly been fatal. In ten minutes he was sound asleep!

Slowly, gradually and surely he commenced sinking! The motion increased, and still he slept! A limb brushed his face and he awoke! He felt himself slipping, sliding, sinking, sinking, sinking so horribly! He screamed and clutched like a madman at the frail twigs, but they glided like fiery serpents through his blistered hands! The wolves grew more furious and crazy! He yelled, and clinched and struck out like a drowning man! But still he sunk lower, lower, lower, and it seemed he would never reach the ground! O, the concentrated horror of those interminable seconds! The agony of a lifetime may be compressed into a single moment! Summerfield felt like a writhing body of fire!

But soon he passed below the limbs! There was an indescribable dizzy gliding through air, and he struck directly upon the back of a wolf! At the same instant, he gave a yell—so awful, so agonized, that it sounded far above the combined howls of the animals! His sudden fall and terrific scream startled, for one moment, those directly around him, and they darted a few yards away. At that second that instant, Summerfield, crazy at the time, made a dying leap upward and caught the limb in one hand, and then grasped it with the other! And as he did so full a score of wolves sprang at him. He drew up his feet, and there was one of them clinging to it! With a strength that Heaven gave him only at that moment, he threw his other over the limb, *and lifted the wolf bodily from the ground, so that he hung suspended in mid air!* Maddened at this incredible tenacity, he shook his limb desperately, and the wolf fell—his poisoned claws cutting to the bone of the ankle, and stripping the moccasin from his lacerated foot!

[Ten years afterward, in a neighboring city, at a private gathering of a few friends, we heard Summerfield narrate this episode in his experience, and being thoughtlessly plied with numerous questions, he fainted! This will give an idea of the horrors he experienced upon that fearful night, and of its effect upon him in after years. At this day his hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray, which he says he first discovered upon the day after this thrilling night that our pen has endeavored to faintly describe.]

Cowering and quivering like an aspen, he ascended to the topmost limb, and clung till the morning. Then his senses appeared to return. He drew a deep breath, and saw that the wolves were departing; one by one they took themselves away, until none were left. He waited a long time, and then tremblingly descended. As he stepped to the earth, the pain of his mangled foot caused him to drop as if shot. The nails of the wolf, from their having clawed the putrid carcasses of animals, had a peculiar poison upon them. This caused his foot and ankle to swell, enormously. After a few moments, however, he was able to stand upon it, and limped around and picked up his rifles. His own was twenty yards from the tree! They were both considerably scratched and disfigured, but not really injured. Taking these up, and his tattered moccasin, bedabbled with blood, he hobbled to the brook, where he sat and bathed his wound in the cooling fluid. There was a painful smart at first, but he soon found it relieved it, and continued his bathing until the swelling had considerably diminished. Then he ceased, and thought upon the best course left for him to pursue.

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER STRANGE ESCAPE.

"You knew he walked o'er perils on an edge
More likely to fall in than to get o'er."

In a few minutes, Summerfield found that there was but one conclusion that he could come to, and that was to remain as quiet as circumstances would permit, until his wound would allow him to move on; for the present, progress was out of the question; but he determined, if possible, to cross to the opposite shore and remain there a day or two. Near where he stood, a knotted and decayed tree rested partly in the water, and upon examining it he found it as light and buoyant as cork. With little trouble he set it afloat, and seating himself upon it, he succeeded in working it to the opposite side, where he pulled it upon the bank and left it for subsequent use. For some distance, at this portion of the stream, its edges were lined with a tall, rank grass, through which he saw several black snakes gliding in and out of the water. While walking carefully along, he was startled by seeing a large bird start up and run along in front of him. Raising his rifle, he brought it down without difficulty; and, upon picking it up, found that it was a gold, plump ptarmigan. This is a bird of the grouse kind, whose flesh is sweet and excellent, and it came most opportunely to Summerfield. In a few moments he reached a small stream of water, so cool and limpid that he followed it up, and found, as he suspected, that it proceeded from a spring. Upon tasting it, he found the water had a peculiar and disagreeable taste, as though it were hepatrized. However, he seated himself by it, and in a short time was sound asleep.

He slept long and heavily, when he was awakened by hearing voices! He started and listened with a thrill of hope, as he reflected that white men might be so near him. But in a moment he was undeceived. They were the tones of Indians, and Indians too who were members of the tribe that he had left, and without doubt were pursuers. Yielding to an almost fatal curiosity, he crept to the bank and peered cautiously out. Within a dozen yards of him, he saw three Indians following his trail. He saw them leave the stream and go toward the tree, where he heard them a long time in conversation. Then they returned to the stream and held another earnest consultation, when they started rapidly on the back track! They had thus given up all hope of recapturing him, and he was safe from further pursuit.

The explanation of their movement was this. They had followed the trail of the fugitive with much difficulty, yet with unerring certainty, to the point where it was lost in the numerous tracks of the wolves. Here they saw had been some fatal occurrence very recently. They observed the bones of the wolves scattered around, and, at the base of the tree, discovered the skull and some of the bones of the savage. This they supposed to be the remains of Summerfield, and, of course, nothing was left for them to do but to return with that intelligence. Thus deeply are the most direct providences often veiled. Summerfield understood the meaning of the proceedings of the savages, and in the gratitude of his heart he knelt upon the earth and offered up his fervent thanks to the preserving Power that was thus watching over him. With the knowledge that there was no pursuit came a sense of conscious security, and he regarded his ultimate escape as certain at that moment as though he were in his native State.

By discharging his rifle, he succeeded in starting a fire, and cooked a portion of his bird. This made him a hearty meal, and, accompanied by two or three commotes, no one would have been disposed to find fault with it.

He found that the poison in his ankle had nearly spent itself, and he hoped by the morrow to travel without difficulty. After bathing it freely, it pained him scarcely at all, and did not prevent him from again falling into a deep and refreshing slumber. Summerfield judged that he had passed through about as many remarkable escapes as could be conveniently crowded into so short a space of time, but he was doomed, before the next day passed over his head, to experience a still more remarkable one!

He slept as sweetly as an infant until the hot sun, shining full in his face, admonished him that it was late in the morning. He arose, examined and bathed his wound, and prepared to start upon his journey. There was still considerable pain in his wound, and he found he could travel but slowly. After making a slight breakfast upon the commotes, he started up the stream. He had gone but a short distance, when he found that he had committed a mistake—although a fortunate one at the time—in crossing the stream. The ground upon the opposite side was far preferable for walking, and he determined to cross over. This he judged best to do with the log, as he had before, and accordingly went down stream for that purpose. He found it as he had left it, and shoved it into the water.

This log was about ten feet in length, with the largest part slightly water-soaked, while at the opposite end were several protruding knots, the remains of limbs. Within about three feet of the butt was a large aperture. I am thus particular in describing it, for it is necessary in order to get a perfect understanding of what followed.

He bestrode the smallest, most buoyant end, and carefully placing the rifle before him, pushed out into the water. He had not gone more than ten feet, when his hair rose on end, as he heard a sharp, quick rattle, and saw the head of an enormous rattlesnake slowly issue from the aperture within five feet of him! First the head, then the narrow neck, and then the swelling body continued to glide out until full two feet had risen in a perpendicular direction from the log, and still it seemed that scale after scale continued sliding into view. He saw that instant action was necessary, and instead of shoving himself into the stream, as any person would have done, he seized his rifle by the barrel, and aimed a crashing blow at the snake. His aim was either poor, or the reptile dodged the missile, and in turn struck fiercely at him. The distance, however, was too great, and its hooked fangs entered the log within a few inches of his knee. As quick as lightning, he brought his rifle down upon the snake, crushing it nearly in two. This species is killed very easily, and the one in question, after several gasps and struggles, died. Summerfield watched it until he was sure that life was extinct, and then reached forward, wound the visible part of its body around his gun, and commenced pulling it out. Foot after foot came out, like a great rope, until full ten feet had appeared, and then came fourteen rattles! He flung it out into the stream, and let the horrid, greasy knot of a reptile float away.

During this occurrence, although it occupied comparatively a short time, he had floated considerably down stream, and he now commenced paddling vigorously with his hands and feet to reach the opposite bank. He had just commenced making progress, when, from the same aperture in the log, came another deathly rattle, and the head of another frightful reptile commenced issuing forth. Summerfield concluded to "crush this one in the bud," and accordingly raised his rifle and brought it fiercely down, mashing its head into a complete jelly. This violent concussion of the hammer of his rifle with the log discharged it, and the bullet passed within an inch or two of his side! Feeling no pain, he again coiled the head of the snake around his gun and drew it out and threw it into the stream. It was considerably smaller than the other, and was probably its mate. He felt sure that he was now relieved from all immediate danger, and, paddling rapidly, soon touched the opposite bank. Here he examined the log. He wondered how the snakes came to use their rattles in so cramped a space. He saw, however, that for several feet the log was a mere shell, and that they must have had an abundance of room. Feeling satisfied with the acquaintance he had with this decayed trunk, he did not linger long by it, but, reloading his rifle, started forward again.

As he moved thoughtfully along, he could not help reflecting upon the miraculous deliverance from peril that he had just experienced. In crossing a narrow stream, he had been thrice delivered from death! Surely, was escape ever more marvellous?

He moved but slowly, and as he found that the rifle he had taken from the savage was nothing but an incumbrance, he threw it from him and carried only his own. He now felt the need of something more nutritious than the simple *commotes*, and had again resort to the stream. By using the same artifice as before, he managed to secure a couple of good, plump fish, upon one of which he made a hearty breakfast. The other he carried with him.

He was considerably surprised to find large quantities of nitre. This section seemed literally covered with it in some places. But what alarmed him the most was the large numbers of buffalo berries. This is a small, pleasant fruit, and greatly relished by the grizzly bear; and where you find the former growing in abundance, you are pretty sure to come upon the latter majesty. He will enter a spot containing these, and, rising on his hind legs, draw the bushes in to him with his fore paws, and spends hours thus employed. In fact, this little fruit is oftimes his chief food.

In the afternoon, he became aware that he was really among the mountains—the Black Hills. He had, in truth, been properly among them for the last twenty-four hours; but the approach was so gradual that he did not realize it until there appeared unmistakeable signs around him. He was tumbling over rocks, tearing through seemingly impenetrable brakes of brier, and surrounded by trees of a more gigantic growth. The stream, too, instead of flowing silently along, had become boisterous and turbid, and in some places foamed and surged over jagged ridges of rocks with the impetuosity of a torrent.

It seemed fated that he should have every imaginable terror this day. As he was proceeding leisurely along, he came to a broad, extensive rock, around which he passed, and in so doing met a panther face to face! As may be supposed, he stepped back rather suddenly and caught his breath; but the beast was as much frightened as himself, and, without giving him time for a shot, bounded out of sight.

And, as if his cup of horrors was not yet full, he had gone but a hundred yards further when he detected the form of a murdered Indian upon the ground. He cautiously approached, and found that it had been dead but a short time. The fact of its being undisturbed was proof of this. There was the bloody track of the bullet through the breast, the scalp had been ripped off, and the body stripped of nearly every shred of dress. It lay flat on the back, each limb extended wide, and the insects of corruption were already at their work.

Summerfield was uncomfortably convinced of the fact that he had now reached a portion of the country where he possessed numerous neighbors, and it behooved him to exercise a little more caution than had generally characterized his movements thus far. There was no telling at what moment he might stumble upon an Indian encampment, and walk into the presence of a grizzly bear.

As he walked on, he came to a sort of rent or pass in the mountains, through which flowed a stream of considerable size, and upon the banks of this he detected infallible signs of beavers. There were numerous tracks upon the shore, and he was confident that a dam was not far off. Examining his bank closely, he came upon a place dug in it, and feeling carefully a few inches under the water, his hand touched the trap! There were whites, then, not far off. Thank Heaven! He could hardly constrain his feelings from giving vent in a shout.

He proceeded up stream to find them. As he walked on, he thought he heard a whistle. He followed the direction, and could soon distinguish a tune—yes, it was that melody of the West, the "Arkansas Traveller!" Still cautiously moving on, he came upon the whistler. A tall, lank man, with his side toward him, with a hat resembling a bee-hive, and his arms folded over the muzzle of his rifle, was contentedly whistling the melody. Summerfield gazed a moment in speechless astonishment. Those frightfully bent legs could belong to but one person. Seth Potter was standing before him!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

"'Tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious
of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will
not acknowledge it to be the very hand of Heaven."

For a time, Summerfield was at a loss how to proceed. Joy at this fortunate turn of affairs completely upset his ideas for a moment. At last he strode hastily forward and laid his hand upon the arm of Seth.

"How are you, old friend?" said he, familiarly, his face aglow with pleasure. The individual addressed turned quickly toward him, and stopped whistling a second, with the remark:

"Wait a minute. I just got to the turn of this tune," and proceeded deliberately to finish the "turn" of it. Then "turned" himself, looked a moment in the face of the person before him; stopped whistling; dropped his gun; stepped back a space or two, then jumped forward.

"By thunder, it's him! It's him! It's him! It's him!"

And catching Summerfield's hand, he shook, and pulled, and squeezed and twisted it, until he writhed with pain.

"For Heaven's sake, Seth, don't kill me! You have hold of my hand."

"Yas, sir; it's *him*! It's HIM!"

Summerfield stood and gazed into the dancing eyes of his companion while he was going through these maniacal manifestations. At last he had finished.

"Now," said he, "I'd like to know where, in the name of all that's sacred and profane, you've come from? Why, sir, if I hadn't just squeezed your hand, I'd believe I seen a ghost."

Summerfield smiled, and at last broke into a loud laugh.

"Why, Seth, what's the matter? Don't lose your senses, that is provided you have any."

"I'll be darned if it ain't enough to set a feller crazy. Why, man alive, Vic and me have been one winter trapping here, gone back to Independence, come back here agin, and just as we're going to tramp agin, you come along. If that ain't funny, why that's all. We told the fellers home you'd been scalped the first thing; and 'cause they wouldn't believe it, I swore I seen the Camanches do it, and they said, as I had swore it, they *know'd* you was living sure enough. And you have turned up, and my veracity will be doubted out in them quarters. That's too bad!"

"What! my coming back?"

"No, the defamation of my veracity in Independence. It's a bad thing, George, to lose your character."

"But where's Vic and Jim?" asked Summerfield, gazing.

"Where's Jim? He got killed at the same time you did. You mind that great chase when we lost you. Wal, the Engins got so close they hit Jim's horse and tumbled him over. Howsumever, that didn't make no difference. Jim kept on, jogging along as fast as before. I told him to jump on my animal, 'cause you know there ain't no hosses that I can't outrun. Jim wouldn't do it, and bimeby he got a piece of lead that throwed him in his tracks. That was the last of poor Jim. Jim was a good chap."

"Where's Vic? He's alive, ain't he?"

"Yas, yas; he's up in the 'Hole.' He'll be down pretty soon. We'd better wait till he comes. Let's set down on this stone."

"Ain't there savages in this neighborhood?" asked Summerfield, as they seated themselves.

"Yas, a few; but they don't know we're about. We manage to keep the traps close. Vic had a tussle with one down yonder yesterday. He'd found out we're about here, and we seen his tracks where he'd been for two or three days nosin' around. He's after our hair, but lost his own."

"I believe I came upon him a short time since."

"Yas; well, let's hear about your capers the last year or two; I want to know where you come from, though them Engine fixens you got on shows pretty near."

Summerfield thereupon proceeded to give a short, rapid sketch of his experience from the time of his falling into the hands of the Indians up to the present moment. He was often interrupted by Seth, who was much excited with his narration. When he had finished, Seth asked:

"Do you remember Redsel, George—that feller I had such a fight with?"

"I don't think there is much danger of my ever forgetting him."

"Wal, sir, he's up among the Crow Indians. Vic seen him, last winter, with a lot. If he knowed we's here, he'd bring the whole tribe down."

"Isn't he a prisoner, then?"

"No; he's jined them—gone with 'em, and I ca'culate as how that's one reason why there's been so many murders 'mong the emigrants this season."

"The fiend! Do you think he has had a hand in it?"

"He's had more than a hand in it—he has had both hands."

"Well, his disposition is evil enough."

"Heigh! there comes Vic. Wait a moment, and just keep shady."

Summerfield saw the well-remembered form of the hunter approaching, and shrinking behind Seth, veiled his face as much as possible. In a moment Seth said, in a loud tone:

"Come here, Vic; here's a redskin I catched at our traps. I've bin trying to get his top-knot off, but can't manage him. Quick, I want your help!"

"Just jump out the way, and let me put a piece o' lead through his head. 'Twont take me long to settle the job for him."

Seth sprang away, and the movement had nigh been fatal. Vic was in the very act of raising his rifle to his shoulder, when Summerfield threw up his hands with a clear, ringing laugh. To have seen the trapper's appearance then! His expression of comical wonder cannot be described. He stood a second, then dropped his rifle, took the cap from his head, shaded his eyes, and stooping slightly, peered forward in mute astonishment. At this point, Seth commenced jumping and dancing, flung his hat upon the ground, and went to stamping it, exclaiming at intervals:

"That's the first time I ever got Vic. He'll have to give in now."

Vic's eyes seemed to grow lighter and larger each moment. He still stood in his prone position, seemingly bereft of all reason. Seth continued going up and down, his legs flying in every direction, until his foot came suddenly in contact with a stone, throwing him heels over head. The state of affairs was becoming embarrassing to Summerfield, and, stepping forward, he said:

"Vic, don't you remember me?"

"I guess so. Is't you, Somefield?" he gasped.

"Why, certainly. How are you?"

And the two grasped and shook hands as only friends can. Seth approached, spread his feet far apart, placed his hands in the pockets which he had rigged in his dress, threw his hat on the back of his head, and looked on.

"You appeared to not know me," said Summerfield, pleasantly.

"Of course I knowed yer, but, bears and buffelers, who thort *you's* him? I's sartin it's a spirit I's lookin' at. Wagh!

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, July 23, 1862.

THE TWO GOVERNMENTS.

The rebel Governor of Louisiana publishes an address to the people, in the New Orleans papers, with as much freedom and facility as if he held possession of the place. On of his recent orders forbids all trading by the people in the other parts of the State with New Orleans, the suspension of all travelling to and from the city, all pledges of neutrality by citizens of Louisiana and New Orleans are to be taken as evidence of disloyalty, river steamboats are to be burned when in danger of falling into the hands of the Union soldiers, provisions are *not* to be conveyed to New Orleans, except under charge of rebel officers, and under such precautions as govern intercourse between belligerents.

The chief grievance with the rebel Governor is that the people of New Orleans do not continue their resistance to the general government, are inclined to trade, disposed to regard themselves as neutrals, and, in fact carry on their business as usual. He says:

"There cannot be a war for arms, and a peace for trade between two people at the same time. The armed occupants of New Orleans are our enemies. To each loyal citizen of Louisiana and of the Confederacy, every citizen of the country hostile to us is an enemy. We cannot barter our products for theirs. We cannot exchange our corn, cattle, sugar, or cotton, for their gold. We have no right even to pay money that was owing to the citizens of the now hostile States before the war. Absolute non-intercourse—the entire suspension of communication by visit or trade—is the only safe rule for our guidance."

All this may be very true while the Governor is able to give the citizens of New Orleans protection. But when his army retires and leaves it to the occupancy of a military force he cannot dislodge, the case is materially altered. The people then have to submit to the power which has the authority to enforce its own laws. If the people of the city are to be cut off from all intercourse with those of the country, they must depend entirely upon the military force in occupancy for their supplies of food, and very soon they will transfer their loyalty entirely from the Government which does not protect them, to the Government which does. Indeed, one of the strong reasons why the general Government deals so lightly with the people in the disloyal States, is that it has been unable to extend them protection and relief from the tyranny to which they were subjected under the "Confederate" usurpation. Not having been able to give this protection, it very properly assumes that the acts which were done under force, must not be visited with the penalties of voluntary treason, and hence it only requires the cessation of resistance to its authority, where its arms have re-established it, to reinstate the individual in his privileges as a loyal citizen, to enjoy the protection of the laws to his person and hold secure possession of his property.

The humanity with which the General government acts is in striking contrast to the practice of the rebel Governor of Louisians. The people, who cannot resist the rule of military law, in New Orleans are to be treated by the Governor as if they voluntarily submitted to an usurped authority. He not only denies them the privilege of a forced obedience, but argues that paroles of honor given for passes extended to them by the commanding officer, are of no binding force either in right or conscience, and that the persons who give them shall not thereby be released from service to the State. Moreover, he insists that the refusal to receive the "Confederate" money, which Gen. Butler has prohibited from circulation, will afford a presumption of disloyalty which the plea of ignorance cannot palliate.

Nothing could more completely reveal the despotic character of the rebel rule than this heartless disregard of the circumstances under which the people of New Orleans are placed. "They can neither hold property," says Moore, "nor enjoy liberty, if they disown the Government which protects the one and insures the other." Taking him at his own word, the General government would be justified in appropriating to its own use all the property it finds in New Orleans, and the widest confiscation would be only justice to itself. But, as the General government now "protects the one and insures the other," which the rebel government of Moore does not, it necessarily follows, from Moore's own reasoning, that their proper allegiance is due to the government which fulfils its duty to the governed. The principles which govern Moore's public conduct will drive the people of New Orleans perforce into the Union ranks. Fortunately, there is both the means and the will to provide for their necessities. Flour, salt meats and vegetables can be sent them by the river, and they will soon learn to know who is their best friend, the government which supplies them with what they need or the government which withholds everything from them, even when the restriction cannot injure "the enemy."

ACTIVELY AT WORK.

The rebels in the South west are as busy as bees making their inroads into Tennessee and Kentucky, and attacking positions which are left only half guarded, and which the carelessness of the guard invites to attack. Their recapture of Murfreesboro was owing entirely to the neglect of the force in command there, which ought not to have let fancied security relax necessary watchfulness. It is reported that Van Dorn has retaken Baton Rouge, and captured fifteen hundred Union soldiers. This he might be able to do by the quick facilities he has for moving his troops, and the greater number he has on hand. Nevertheless, there appears to be a lack of vigilance and attention on the part of our troops in the captured towns, which must lead to such successful assaults upon them. They seem to forget they are nearly surrounded by persons who largely sympathize with the rebellion, and every one of whom is a spy upon their actions, ready at any moment to communicate their weakness and point out the mode of their capture. They must expect more of these raids to the imperfectly defended towns, for the whole guerilla force of the rebels is now scouring the country, and threatening every accessible point, for the purpose of not letting any of the western army go to McClellan or Pope's assistance. They will keep up, therefore, continual attacks, rapidly passing from one point to another, and is important, therefore, that the same vigilance, and the same readiness for effective duty, should be maintained by the Union troops, so as to foil the efforts of these active rebels, and prevent the necessity of having more of the work already done to go over again.

THE TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY RAID

The raid of Morgan and other leaders of guerillas, in Kentucky and Tennessee, seems to have produced great alarm in those States, and about an equal excitement along the borde: States north on the Ohio, where it was believed that the sudden appearance of the guerrilla chief indicated a rising of the disloyal part of the populations of Kentucky and Tennessee. These States will be continually liable to disturbances from this source unless the loyal people in the different counties form military organizations prepared to resist it. The Governors of Kentucky and Tennessee should have the State militia put into a defensive condition, regularly enrolled, organized and subject to their instantaneous call. A portion of time spent in military training, such as the Home Guards voluntarily subject themselves to, would soon furnish a disciplined body of men ready for service at a moment's call. This would interpose an armed force in every county to the advance of guerrilla parties. As the only purpose of these raids is to plunder and destroy property, the people of the border States whose property is endangered, ought to be able to take care of it against such small predatory bands, without calling upon the soldiers of the army engaged in the general defence.

RECRUITING.

The Harrisburg Union says the recruits now coming in are for the old regiments. This week those for the new levy will come in, and from information it receives from different parts of the State, the number will rather astonish those who have been talking of drafting. This is the first intimation we have seen that the recruing in this State was going on with anything like the vigor required. The course pursued by the separate States is rather adverse to recruiting a large force in a short time. Each State is offering bounties, and in some places towns and villages are doing the same thing, the amount of the bounty being according to the difficulty in getting enlistments. One State gives $25, one $50, another $100, and a fourth $125 to a recruit. These differences have a bad effect upon recruiting in the several States. Either the men go to the State where the offer is the highest, or they hold back expecting offers similarly large will be made in their own State. The government ought to fix a uniform bounty price properly liberal for all the States, to be reimbursed to them after the war.

WHO SHOULD BE APPOINTED.

Washington is filled with an army of office seekers, asking to be appointed tax collectors and assessors. We hope the Government will not overlook in these appointments, the merits of those who have been fighting for their country and been crippled in its defence. Some time ago it was announced from Washington, that the administration would regard hereafter the wounded soldiers as better entitled to its consideration in appointing to public situations, than those who remained at home in safety. The office of tax collector is just such as a crippled soldier can fill. It would be an additional inducement to volunteering for the men to find that when they have done their duty to their country, their country is disposed to remember and reward them for it. Let the appointments go to the wounded soldiers, and the office seekers learn that the door to public situation is open only through public service in the army, when the country needs soldiers.

WAR MEETINGS.

Throughout the loyal States meetings are being held to promote enlistments under the call for 300,000 additional soldiers, and many of the towns and villages are offering extraordinary bounties to those who enlist. Boston pays $100 bounty to each volunteer, and throughout the New England towns the sum ranges from $85 to $125. Under these influences we may expect that the required number will be filled up within a reasonable time, and that the Government will have a large reserve force hereafter for any emergency. It is evident that the whole power and resources of the loyal States will be required to break down the rebellion, and the sooner the work is commenced in this spirit, the sooner we shall have peace restored. The rebels have called every available man they can get to take up a musket, and so general has this conscription been that the women have been compelled, in many places to go into fields and gather the crops, or they would have wasted where they stood. It is also manifest, from the recent movements, that they have changed their policy of defensive war, and take the offensive on all fitting opportunities. Our armies either from exhaustion or from a want of harmony in the general design, lie idly and wait for these assaults, though it is clear that active and vigorous movements at this time, from all the points of attack where the numbers of troops are sufficient to move would reverse matters, and harrass the rebels in their homes to an extent that would keep them scattered all over the rebel States, not knowing exactly where the blow would fall.

The defensive system was tried by the rebels, with disastrous results, till the entire South called out for a different policy. They filled up their broken ranks with fresh recruits and commenced a system of daring and dashing assaults, which have not only checked our advances, but have compelled disastrous retreats. The same vigor which has been infused into the rebel War Department should now inspire our own, and the same intelligent and cooperative zeal should be shown in every future movement. One of the first necessities is to raise a force larger than the rebels have in the field, so as to outnumber them in every quarter. The present call for 300,000 men may be sufficient for that purpose; but we should not act on the presumption that it will be, and that no further exertions after the number is filled will be required in the way of recruiting. As fast as any of the reserve force is called into the field, the number abstracted should be filled up immediately by fresh recruits, so that the reserve shall never fall below the requirement of a large and powerful army. It is said that one year's men can be had much easier than three years' recruits. Then the policy of the Government is to take them for one year, and keep on recruiting throughout the year to maintain the full number of 300,000. A recruit will learn to be a soldier in three months' time, the Government will then put nine months' service out of him, and, as the terms of service will not expire all at the same time, by keeping up recruiting all the year and sending the men into camps of instruction as fast as enlisted, the vacancies can be filled by fresh men instructed in their duties. This plan will require a greater number of recruits to be raised, and will be more expensive than recruiting for three years, but the Government should take all the recruits it can get at the present time, and induce as many as possible to serve for three years, by making the bounties higher and even somewhat increasing the pay. It will have a use for all it can get, and would be spreading military instruction over a wider circle of population in case it may be compelled to the last recourse—a draft. Additional inducements at the end of one year's service might possibly get whole regiments to re-enlist. Time is everything; and if one year's recruiting term will put nearly a million of men quickly into the field, it might save the necessity of a much greater number a year hence. Paying the men promptly every two months, instead of withholding it for five or six, as has been done, would tend to make men enter more willingly into the three years' service. With proper exertions and proper regard for the interests of the recruits and their families, an army may be speedily raised which will crush rebellion by the mere force of numbers.

ITALIAN INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

When England and France formed an alliance against Russia, they looked around on every side for allies, not so much for the physical as the moral support it would create. They wanted to isolate Russia, to make the Emperor appear as a mighty aggressor, in face of the moral sense of the whole world, against weak and defenceless Turkey. England brought her whole force to bear on Prussia, won over the ambassador, Bunsen, through his English wife, and through another more unhappy, though royal State marriage, secured her neutrality if not co-operation. France, by threats, caused Austria to forget the debt of gratitude as well as of interest that allied her to Russia, and she remained hesitating and neutral, despised of all. But the ambitious little King of Sardinia, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, bid for the favor of France and offered open alliance, and a little body of five thousand or so of men. In return, France, out of Austria and Italy has helped Victor Emmanuel to a kingdom of nearly twenty millions. This alliance has paid so well that now the King of Italy would have no objection to push the alliance still further, and, if his people would permit, would assist France by his moral and physical support against Mexico.

But surely this game is about "played out." The physical support is nothing. France has men enough and fleets enough. But France is in a bad position morally. It has espoused the side against liberty. It has *no* support. England and Spain have backed out from it, and the English press, more powerful in France than that of France itself, is against the Emperor and trumpets his defeats. The French people are divided, and the people of Italy would a hundred times rather fight for the Mexicans against France, if they dare, than for the French against Mexico. What then is the real value of this moral support of the Emperor which the Prime Minister, Victor Emmanuel, in ambiguous phrase, tenders if necessary? It has precisely this effect: it shows that there is no course, however wrong and however opposed to the wishes of the people, that a Prime Minister cannot and will not get a people committed to, for the sake of the interest of the Monarchy, unless he is watched with ceaseless vigilance. What then is the value of such a support as this? It is a support of monarchs as such against the people as such, a support that can strengthen only the antagonism of class against class in the same nation; one that weakens Italy without strengthening France. Such a support cannot even make wrong appear to be right. The Emperor of France himself will probably, therefore, hardly demand the sacrifice, but rest content with its being offered.

But, in the meantime, there seems little doubt that the Emperor of France is bent upon revenging his Mexican defeat, though we still trust not bent on pushing matters to the extremity of a permanent seizure of Mexico. He will probably send his iron-plated frigate Normandie to Vera Cruz, but it is thought that he will hardly now persist in the scheme of putting an Austrian arch-duke upon a throne in Mexico. If he were, he would, perhaps, accept Italian support, and so try to pacify Austria, and make her acquiesce in the loss of Italian power. Surmises are put forth, however, still, that Patterson Bonaparte, if any one, will be allowed to carve out for himself a French aid so much of a domain as circumstances will allow, from Mexico and our own Southern States, his birth as an American giving him a popularity on this side of the Atlantic, while his French connection secures him the support of France. The South would jump at this, and the French might hope to secure cotton and a strong Bonapartist throne in America, but it would be to make so much of America a vassal to European intrigues.

CAPTURE OF MURFREESBORO'.

We have the details, the Louisville Journal, of the late rebel raid in Tennessee and capture of Murfreesboro'. There were seventeen companies stationed in that town, and the rebels took the force so much by surprise that it had not time to form in line of battle. Two regiments, under the command of a general officer, stationed in a town, permitting themselves to be surprised by a rebel force, is disgraceful to them and their commander. But this carelessness is just the thing that is likely to occur among our soldiers, split up as they have been, and scattered over the rebel towns, to take care of rebel property, and see that none of the soldiers molest it. Officers get hob-nobbing with the citizens, citizens get gracious with the officers, and while everything is going on as merrily as friends can make it, the rebels, privately advised by these same citizens, walk in and capture the officers and men. Fortunately, in this instance, the neglectful officers have been carried off to the rebel prisons, to pay for their carelessness, while the men have been paroled. With a proper degree of vigilance on the part of the officers, or with officers alive to the responsibilities of their position, these things could not happen. The loose system which prevails invites to guerrilla attacks, and what is called daring on the part of some enterprising rebel, is only carelessness and stupidity on the part of Union commanders. It is difficult to understand why our great army in the West should be in the scattered condition it is, instead of massing its whole force and chasing Beauregard out of the country. When he goes, the guerrillas would go with him.

ARMS.—Some doubts have been expressed whether the government has arms enough for three hundred thousand additional troops called into service. But it is stated that there need be no fears on that score. It is supposed that there are arms enough in the country at the present time to put an effective force of 200,000 men in the field, and as the government agents are receiving heavy and frequent consignments of arms from Europe it is probable that by the time the 300,000 men required under the new call are enrolled there will be guns enough to supply the demand.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

In the U. S. *Senate*, on TUESDAY, the following resolutions were passed: Joint resolution relating to the Stevens battery; resolution calling on the President to give his reasons for the arrest of Lieutenant Colonel Anthony; resolution from the House postponing the adjournment to Thursday. The following bills were introduced: A bill further amending the articles of war, providing that every officer of the United States shall furnish protection to every slave approaching the lines of the army, and if loyal men lose their property from the effect of this order they are to be compensated; bill to establish a bureau of migration. The following bills were passed: Bill providing an additional duty of one per cent. on sugar manufactured from sugar cane in this country; bill making supplementary appropriations. One section appropriates $15,000 for the purchase of artificial limbs for wounded soldiers and seamen; bill from the House in addition to the pension bill, making a provision for pensions for masters, &c., on the gunboats; bill amendatory of the act of 1795, calling forth the militia, &c. During the evening session the Committee of Conference on the bill to prevent the imprisonment of soldiers in the penitentiary made a report which was agreed to. Bills for special judicial districts was passed. A bill was introduced taken up and passed, making postage-stamp currency. A message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the Confiscation bill, and giving his views thereon. The message was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. A message was also received from the President recommending some suitable acknowledgment be made to Mr. Vanderbilt for his gift to the government of the steamship Vanderbilt which had been doing valuable service. The House passed the Senate joint resolution making further appropriations for the current and incidental expenses of the Indian Department. The House passed the Senate resolution providing that the compensation to pension agents shall be two per cent. on the entire disbursement on any one of them, provided the aggregate compensation shall not exceed $200 per annum. After the usual closing proceedings, the House adjourned *sine die*.

In the U. S. *Senate*, on THURSDAY, the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Migration, to superintend the emigration, settlement and colonization of colored people beyond the limits of the United States. It appoints a Commissioner of Migration, with a salary of $3000 a year; a clerk at a salary of $1800; and two assistant clerks at $1200. The House bill to defray the expense incurred in enrolling and equipping certain volunteer companies of the State of Delaware, was taken up and passed. The Senate also passed the House bill making postage and other U. S. stamps currency, and prohibiting the issue of notes of less than one dollar. A message from the President, stating that he had signed the Confiscation bill and appendix, and discussing the details thereof, was read, laid on the table, and ordered to be printed. A committee appointed to wait on the President reported that he had no further communication to make. A resolution of thanks to Hon. Sol. Foot, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, was adopted, and he made a speech in response and declared the Senate adjourned *sine die*. In the *House*, the bill to divide Washington territory into two judicial districts was passed. A bill was introduced taken up and passed, making postage-stamp currency. A message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the Confiscation bill, and giving his views thereon. The message was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. A message was also received from the President recommending some suitable acknowledgment be made to Mr. Vanderbilt for his gift to the government of the steamship Vanderbilt which had been doing valuable service. The House passed the Senate joint resolution making further appropriations for the current and incidental expenses of the Indian Department. The House passed the Senate resolution providing that the compensation to pension agents shall be two per cent. on the entire disbursement on any one of them, provided the aggregate compensation shall not exceed $200 per annum. After the usual closing proceedings, the House adjourned *sine die*.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM THE SOUTH.

MORE BOGUS VICTORIES.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF A RECENT FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Death of Gen. Twiggs, the Traitor.

Richmond papers of the 17th and 18th have been received. They were jubilant over the capture of Gen. Curtis and the taking of 80.0 prisoners, who are to be sent to Memphis. When we know that Gen. Curtis is safe at Helena, having beaten his foe in several engagements on his way, we may be able to estimate the value of the following victory over our fleet on the Mississippi. The dates are later than the direct intelligence from Vicksburg from Union sources, but the statement is undoubtedly untrue as made:

[From the Richmond Whig, July 17.]

THE CONFEDERATE RAM ARKANSAS ATTACKS AND DISPERSES THE YANKEE FLEET AT VICKSBURG—OFFICIAL DESPATCH—EXASPERATION OF THE ENEMY, ETC., ETC.

MOBILE, July 15.—A special despatch to the Advertiser and Register, from Vicksburg, today, says that the ram Arkansas came out of the Yazoo river, and fought through the enemy's fleet, inflicting great damage. She is now safe under our guns, preparing for another dash. Two shots only, penetrated her. One man was twenty killed and wounded. Capt. Brown was wounded slightly. The enemy's lower fleet is hastily retiring.

JACKSON, July 15.—A despatch to the Mississippian says that the monster Arkansas, this morning, came down through the Federal fleet under a terrific fire, losing five killed and three wounded. The damage done to her is trifling, chiefly to her smoke stack. She is now at Vicksburg, and the wounded have been sent ashore. Generals Van Dorn, Breckinridge and Smith visited her. The Federal loss is unknown.

JACKSON, July 15.—The Arkansas ran two boats, coming out of Yazoo river. The Federal fleet opened on both sides, pouring in a terrific fire as she passed. On opening a port hole for air, a shell entered, killing nine and wounding several others. The ram Benton attempted to butt the Arkansas, but missed her and was struck by the Arkansas. She put for shore in a sinking condition. Another Federal gunboat was fired. All the transports in the fleet below left. One mortar boat grounded, and was burned. The Arkansas is scarcely injured, and is expected to go down the river.

A heavy bombardment is now going on—(3 P. M.) The reports are distinctly heard here. No telegraphic intelligence has been received from Vicksburg for the last three hours.

JACKSON, July 15, P. M.—The firing ceased at 9 o'clock, to-night. Both the upper and lower fleets attempted to pass our batteries, but were driven back. The exasperated and mortified enemy vented his rage by throwing liquid shells into the city, burning one row of buildings. Our batteries are uninjured. No casualties reported.

[The Arkansas is an iron-clad vessel of 1200 tons, and was built at Memphis, but was removed from that point, in an unfinished condition, previous to the evacuation by our troops. She has since been completed in the Yazoo river.]

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

VICKSBURG, July 15.—We engaged to-day, from 6 to 8 A. M., with the enemy's fleet above Vicksburg, consisting of four or more iron-clad vessels and two heavy sloops of war, and four gunboats and seven or eight rams. We drove an iron-clad ashore with colors down and disabled, blew up a ram, burned one vessel, and damaged several others. Our smoke stack was so shot to pieces that we lost steam and could not use our vessel as a ram. We were otherwise cut up as we engaged at close quarters. Lost ten killed and fifteen wounded, others with slight wounds.

(Signed) ISAAC N. BROWN,
Lieutenant Commanding.

VICKSBURG, July 15.—The sloop-of-war Arkansas, under cover of our batteries, ran gloriously through twelve or thirteen of the enemy's rams, gunboats and sloops-of-war. Our loss was ten men killed and fifteen wounded. Capt. Brown, her commander and hero, was slightly wounded in the head. The smoke stack of the Arkansas was riddled. Otherwise she is not materially damaged, and can soon be repaired. Two of the enemy's boats struck their colors, and the boats ran ashore to keep from sinking. Many were killed and wounded. This is a glorious achievement for the Navy, her heroic commanders, officers and men.

One mortar boat, disabled and aground, is now burning up. All the enemy's transports and one of the vessels of war of the lower fleet, except a sloop of war, have gotten up steam, and are off to escape from the Arkansas.

[Signed] EARL VAN DORN,
Major General Commanding.

A YANKEE REGIMENT SURPRISED AND ROUTED BY COL. MORGAN.

KNOXVILLE, July 15.—On the 9th instant, at Tompkinsville, Monroe county, Ky., Colonel Morgan's cavalry surprised and routed the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, capturing 30. Among the prisoners is Major Thomas Jordan, who was brought here last night. Our loss is two slightly wounded. The whole camp of the enemy and all the stores fell into the hands of Morgan, including one hundred head of horses and mules, a hundred rifles and a large quantity of ammunition and clothing. It was not Captain Llewellyn, but Col. Morgan's quartermaster, who was killed, as reported, but Captain O'Brien of the Texas Rangers.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY IN TENNESSEE.

KNOXVILLE, July 15.—Gen. Buell's forces are scattered all along the line from Huntsville to Stevenson, and are said to number 30,000, including 1500 cavalry. McCook's division, 10,000 strong, is marching against Chattanooga, with twenty-five pieces of artillery and Buell's cavalry. Mitchell has command of the left, and is now in command of all the Yankee forces in Tennessee.

DEATH OF GEN. TWIGGS.

AUGUSTA, July 15.—Gen. David E Twiggs died here this morning after a brief illness.

[From the Richmond Despatch, 18th inst.]

THE CAPTURED ARMS.

It is found, says the Despatch, upon examination, that comparatively few of the muskets captured from the Yankees in the battles below Richmond, have sustained serious damage. The fact is, they did not have time, on their disastrous retreat from the Chickahominy, to make the destruction of property complete, and hence we find, in a lot of twenty thousand, not more than a thousand that cannot be speedily rendered as good as new. These arms are generally of superior quality, including many of recent invention and European manufacture.

The War in Tennessee.

THE LATE AFFAIR AT MURFREESBORO'.

[From the Louisville Journal of July 15th.]

We had an interview last evening with Lieut. C. H. Blakely, Adjutant of the Third Minnesota, one of the regiments attacked at Murfreesboro, on Sunday morning, by Forrest's cavalry. The force at Murfreesboro, as we learn from Lieut. B., consisted of six companies of the Michigan Ninth, two companies of the Fourth Kentucky, (Company A, Captain Ohlilson, and Company C, Captain Unthank,) nine companies of the Minnesota Third, and four pieces of Hewitt's First Kentucky Battery. The Ninth and the cavalry were encamped on the edge of the town, and the Third and the Battery a mile and a half outside, on the Nashville pike. The forces are part of the Twenty-third Brigade, which is commanded by Colonel Duffield, lately of the United States forces of Kentucky. General T. T. Crittenden assumed command of the post on Friday night.

The attack was made on Sunday morning at 4 o'clock, upon the cavalry and Michigan regiment, they being completely surprised. So large was the attacking party, that the infantry could not form in line of battle, and after fighting as best they could for several hours, the Michigan regiment surrendered. Our cavalry was of no assistance whatever, not a man mounted his horse, and but one or two escaped.

In the meantime a portion of the enemy had burned the railroad depot, freight house, commissary stores, and a large warehouse, containing forage and Quartermaster's stores. Having compelled the surrender of the cavalry and infantry in town, they broke for the battery. Col. Lester had been advised of the attack and placed the battery upon a knoll a quarter of a mile from his camp, with his own regiment to support it. The rebels passed around to the north of the camp, and driving through it, burned the officers' tents and killed or wounded the guards. As they came out of the woods to make the attack, Col. Lester retained his fire until they were within forty paces of him, when the battery was opened upon them. They were completely disorganized and retired in the greatest confusion. Upon the next charge the infantry and battery both fired, and the enemy was thrown into confusion a second time.

Not relishing such treatment a portion of the rebels went round to the rear for the purpose of attacking us in the rear as well as in front. This, however, was of no avail, for Col. Lester formed his men in a square, and Capt. Hewitt directed his pieces both ways.

A third attempt was made to cut the brave men to pieces, but the result was the same as before. The rebels retired for awhile, and Capt. Hewitt turned his pieces upon the town, shelling it in the most approved style. It is said that the town was badly damaged, and at last accounts was on fire in several places.

The fighting commenced again at noon, and continued unabated until three o'clock, when a flag of truce from the enemy appeared, stating that the Michigan Ninth had surrendered early in the day, and demanding an unconditional surrender by the remainder of the forces. It is said that a threat was also made, that, if Col. Lester did not surrender, Gen. Crittenden and Colonel Duffield—who were taken out of their beds by the enemy at the outset—would immediately be shot.

Col. Lester rode into town, under protection of the flag of truce, and ascertained that he had to encounter a force of about four thousand, and that he could rely only on his own little handful of men to sustain himself. His ammunition, too, had nearly given out, the battery having only sixty-five rounds of case and solid shot, and the infantry but a few rounds of cartridges left. He returned, and after a consultation with Captain Hewitt and his own officers, it was determined to surrender, which was done at about 2 P. M.

The only loss that we can learn among the officers is the killing of Captain Rounds, of the Michigan Ninth. Neither the Battery nor the Third Minnesota lost any officers. About twelve men of the Third were killed. It is thought that at least one hundred and fifty of the rebels must have been killed.

The strength of the rebels was about 4,000 cavalry—two Georgia and one Texas regiment, consisting of the number.

Lieutenant Blakely informs us that the rebels burned the railroad bridge, at Murfreesboro', and the bridge near by.

Guerrilla Pastimes in Kentucky.

The Louisville Democrat of the 16th has the following account of the operations of the guerrillas:

The rebels in Henderson county have been pursuing their usual vocation of robbing and plundering on a reduced scale.

Seven scoundrels went to the house of Thos. McFarland, where he lived along with his sister. They fired into his house three times, when they entered it; told his sister they would not hurt her, but would kill her brother; that they had him surrounded, and he could not escape. He did escape, however, by a back way, in his shirt and drawers. They got about forty dollars cash; broke a gun they found to pieces, and took two of the best horses.

They visited the house of J. C. Walker, where they took seventy-five dollars, and beat Walker unmercifully, because they couldn't find the money readily. Walker is nearly deaf and dumb. One of the scoundrels had got the money, and did not tell his associates in villany.

They robbed a man by the name of Ronk of seventy-five dollars, put a rope round his neck, and threatened to hang him—but at last they let him go.

They robbed a store near King's Mills.

They robbed a man by the name of Ferguson of about three hundred dollars' worth of store goods.

They went to a man's house by the name of Harris, and warned him to leave, pointing their guns at him. He had to leave, abandoning his home and his crop, although he is a poor man, and has a family depending on him.

We give these only as specimens. They are not all the details we could give. Stealing horses and taking arms from the Union men they can find is the common practice.

They have stolen nearly all the free negroes in the county, sent them South and sold them.

A man of property by the name of Hicks has the credit of a leader in these raids, aided by one named Fisher.

There is now no force in Henderson county to control these scoundrels, and we expect they will be more rampant than ever.

The War in Kentucky.

REPORTED SURRENDER OF CYNTHIANA TO MORGAN'S HAND.

CINCINNATI, July 18.—A man who came into Boyd's, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, this morning, reported that the town of Cynthiana, 66 miles from here, surrendered at five o'clock yesterday after an hour's fight. He says he saw Morgan and shook hands with him.

About 2,500 soldiers also came into Boyd's. He says Morgan's men fired two rounds after the surrender. Capt. Arthur's Company, from Newport, Ky., were all killed or taken prisoners.

The excitement at Newport on account of Morgan is very high, and increasing.

The citizens are organizing rapidly for the defence of Newbern.

The Provost Marshal arrests all sympathizers with the rebellion to-day.

LOUISVILLE, July 18.—The train arrived from Lexington this evening. The road and telegraph line have been repaired.

Morgan's loss at Cynthiana has greatly exceeded ours, though most of Lieut. Colonel Landrum's men were captured. Col. Landrum and thirty of his men have arrived at Lexington.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 18.—A despatch to the Executive Department says:—"Henderson, Ky., and Newburg, Ind., have been taken by the rebels. At the last place, one Federal was killed, and 250 sick, were taken prisoners. The rebels also took 250 stand of arms.

The Rebels in Kentucky.

OCCUPATION OF THE TOWN OF HENDERSON BY THEM.

CAIRO, July 19.—The steamer Gen. Anderson from Evansville, arrived here to-day. She passed Henderson, Ky., yesterday morning. The rebels had possession of the town. They say they do not intend to interfere with the navigation of the river, except by Government boats, nor with private property. The number of the rebel force was not ascertained.

Lieut. A. R. Johnson, of Brideswell's Tenn. cavalry, was in command, and had issued a proclamation, in which he says he has come to protect the citizens against the insults of the Federals. They claim to be regular soldiers, and not guerrillas.

Some commissary stores belonging to the Government were captured by a few soldiers, and taken to Newbury, Tennessee, ten miles above. Evansville is also said to be in the possession of the rebels.

LATE FROM ARKANSAS.

GEN. CURTIS' MARCH TO HELENA.

Battle on the 7th inst.—The Rebels Defeated and Put to Flight.

A letter, giving the march of Gen. Curtis from Batesville, Arkansas, to Helena, by which he brought his small army safely to the Mississippi, describes as follows a battle which took place on the 7th inst:

SCENE OF THE FIGHT OF JULY 7TH.

About two P. M, when five miles from the crossing of Bayou de Cache, the advance approached the plantation of Colonel Hill, an officer of the Confederate army, who was away from home at the time of our visit. At this plantation the road from Des Arc intersects the one over which our army were travelling at nearly right angles, the point of junction being about ten miles from Des Arc and four miles from Cotton Plant, a small hamlet in the northern part of St. Francis county. The land around this road crossing is mostly open timber and cleared pasture, though a few clumps of small trees are occasionally seen. The road from Des Arc runs nearly due east and west. South of it and west of the main road the timber is quite dense. Hill's house is at the southwest angle of the intersection, and his outbuildings are scattered in a miscellaneous way around. North of the Des Arc road is a cotton gin and press, and near it are two aboriginal mounds, twenty or thirty feet in height. Mr. Hill is now blessed with his third wife, and on the summits of each of these mounds he has located the graves of his first and second wives, and surrounded them with a fence and plantings. For this side of the road the ground is clear, and there are few irregularities to afford cover to troops.

THE ACTION.

The mounted men in advance discovered signs of an enemy lurking in the timber and brush on the southern side of the Des Arc road, and both east and west of Hill's house. Word was communicated to the infantry, and the latter deployed for skirmishing, the Thirty-third Illinois taking the right wing, and the Eleventh Wisconsin the left. The eight companies of infantry were less than six hundred strong, and soon found that they were opposed to fifteen hundred men drawn up in line of battle. The disparity was, however, not in efficiency, for the rebel forces consisted of parts of two raw cavalry regiments from Texas, and a portion of a regiment of Arkansas conscripts, as green as the most verdant troops in the Confederate service. The rebels opened fire as our men advanced, and though the conscripts fled early in the fight, the Texan cavalry, which had been dismounted for the occasion, stood its ground finely.

As our right approached the enemy's left it was received by a sudden fire from the bushes, which caused two of the Illinois companies to recoil. The enemy perceived the advantage gained, and pressed forward to improve it, but was received with a well directed volley of musketry, followed by a discharge of grape from the two steel howitzers accompanying the First Indiana Cavalry, whose arrival was most opportune. Rapid discharges from these howitzers soon broke the rebel line, and the cavalry completed the disorder, and put all the enemy to flight. Some of them fled along the road in the direction we were travelling, while others took the right-angled route towards Des Arc. In addition to 1500 rebels dispersed, 5000 who were three or four miles distant, at the crossing of the Cache river, and who had been unable to get to the east bank of the stream, as the water is there too deep to ford, and the ferry accommodations are necessarily slow. These returned to Des Arc the same evening, and at last accounts were still there, having given up the project of intercepting our march.

RESULTS OF THE ATTACK.

The camp was made that night a short distance from the scene of the contest, and our hospital established at Hill's house. Our casualties were five killed and thirty-two wounded, most of the latter slightly. Major Glendenin, of the First Indiana cavalry, was seriously, and, it is feared, fatally wounded by a rifle ball in the breast. Captain Sloane, of the Eleventh Wisconsin, was killed while gallantly leading his men. Colonel Hovey states that the details from his command report that they buried nine seven of the enemy's dead. Most of our shots were supposed to have been fatal. But few of the enemy's wounded fell into our hands, and, in all these cases, lacerations caused by the Minnie and Enfield balls were very severe. A flag of truce approached our lines on the evening after the fight, but for some unexplained reason did not come within. The next day a flag was received and kept in our lines the entire day. It was unnecessary for parties to be sent from the rebel camp, as the dead had already been buried.

Arrest at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, July 20.—J. O. Stevens was arrested and sent to Fort McHenry to-day, charged with sending medicines and letters to the South.

IN AND ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Congress during the recent session appropriated about eight hundred millions of dollars, including upwards of five hundred and sixty millions for the army and somewhat less than one hundred millions for the navy.

Among the most important bills postponed by the House, or remaining unacted upon are the following: Providing for the admission of the State of Western Virginia into the Union; for the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan canal; providing for a uniform system of Bankruptcy; for the appointment of a Commission to ascertain the losses incurred by the loyal citizens from the appropriation of their property by United States troops; the bankrupt bill, and that appropriating two hundred millions for the border slave State emancipation and colonization purposes.

The Senate took no definitive action upon the House bills to totally abolish the franking privilege, and to repeal all laws allowing members, so as to include the members of the present Congress.

HALLECK AND MCCLELLAN.

Those who appear to be well informed on the subject, state that there is no truth whatever in the report that Gen. Halleck is to supersede Gen. McClellan. No such idea was ever contemplated by the President. There is no use of trying to conceal the fact that Gen. McClellan is daily becoming more unpopular among the masses of the people here, and with a great many officers in the army. Those who were his most zealous and earnest supporters have changed their minds, and freely denounce the course he has pursued. They hold that the landing of the army on the peninsula was a gigantic military blunder and dependent upon too many contingencies.

The friends of Gen McClellan, who still cling to him, and endorse his whole course, openly charge Secretary Stanton with the disasters which have occurred in front of Richmond, in refusing to send reinforcements when asked by the General to furnish them. The friends of Mr. Stanton state very positively that General McClellan, some days before he commenced his strategic movements to the James river, telegraphed to the War Department that he had as many men as he required. This subject yesterday and to-day has led to much excitable discussion. The favorite theory is that Gen. Halleck will be retained here as the military adviser of the President.

EVACUATION OF JAMES RIVER.

Among the many reports which are afloat here, is one that our troops will receive orders in the course of a few days to evacuate the present encampment on the James River. The position is a very unhealthy one, and the troops are suffering terribly from the want of pure and wholesome water. Diarrhœa and dysentery are very prevalent.

General McClellan is fully able to maintain his position, but will not—even if he does not evacuate Harrison's Landing, on Thursday, that Fort Darling would be captured before many days elapsed. Our troops have recovered from the fatigue which they underwent in the seven days' fight, and are anxious for another dash.

THE REBEL LOSS AT RICHMOND.

A free colored man has reached here from Richmond. He was in the employ of the rebel General Longstreet. He states that the rebels acknowledge their loss in the seven days' fight to be thirty-two thousand in killed, wounded and missing. The rebel army was about two hundred and fifty thousand strong, nearly three times the number of Gen. McClellan's. A large number of the rebel soldiers were mere boys, some of them not over fourteen years of age. The rebel army was so disastrously cut up and exhausted, that it is extremely doubtful whether it could now muster sixty thousand available men. The rebels are talking seriously of arming the slaves, of which they have about twenty thousand employed as laborers. The Union army has been very little corn planted in Middle Virginia this season. There is an immense quantity of old wheat on hand.

The report via St. Johns that the French Emperor has asked the Czar to join him in his mediation project, though credited by a few in position here, is probably untrue. No one knows better than the Emperor that Russia would be the last power on earth to interfere in the affairs of the United States, and it is, therefore, quite improbable that he would have asked his counsel in the matter.

The friends of Gen McClellan, who still cling to him, and endorse his whole course, openly charge Secretary Stanton with the disasters which have occurred in front of Richmond,

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL.—The following vessels are now at our Navy Yard:—Frigate Wabash and Powhatan; sloops-of-war Jamestown, Monongahela and Juniata; gunboat Mohican; steamer Water Witch and steamer Corvette Paranese (Brazilian). The Mohican has been stripped and lies at the south pier. She will be taken on the dock for repairs to her bottom. The Monongahela will also be taken on the dock to be scrapped, but not until her machinery is on board. A lot of very fine oak timber has been received at the yard, which gives it a crowded appearance. The crew of the Mohican was paid off yesterday, and while it was going on a number of boarding-house runners hung about the gate. Jack used to be paid in shiners; now he receives Treasury notes, for which he can obtain pennies at the Mint. The crew of the Mohican was not a large one, and the paying off was not a matter of much interest, except to those immediately concerned.

The steam Corvette Paranese is to be caulked and thoroughly repaired, and her machinery overhauled.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, July 23, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper,

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
Club of Six..... 5 00
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Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club..... 60 00
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ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"A BATTLE ECHO," by W. G. S., we have filed for publication.

"A WISH," and "THE STRANGER MAIDEN'S DEATH," are very respectfully declined.

HOW TO GET RECRUITS.

The Government is badly in wan of recruits for the army, and it can have them by adopting a principle which will not only be doing justice to the soldier, but will also be the best purifier of partisan politics. It has only to announce that no person will hereafter be appointed to public office, and no person retain it after the expiration of the year, who has not served his country in the army for at least three months during the present war, and that in the distribution of such situations the soldier disabled by wounds or other injuries in the service of their country shall have the first claim. The adoption of this principle would be nothing more than simple justice to the soldier. The man who perils his life in defence of his country gives the best guarantee that the interests of his country are with him paramount to life itself. The man who, by his patriotism, is deprived of the means of making himself a living, has a right to claim support of the Government in whose service his disability occurred. This principle is acknowledged now in granting a pension for life to himself, to descend to his immediate heirs. How much more just and noble would it be to let the Government to place him in a position wherein his public services would in future enable him, by his own exertions, to support himself comfortably! Willingly himself serving the republic in war, and exposing his life, the republic should be as willing to let him serve it in the more lucrative and less hazardous employment of the Government, when his military services have expired.

But, apart from the justice of this course, and its immediate effect upon volunteering, the Government should adopt it as the best means of purifying our partisan politics, and putting a stop to the enormous evil of office-seeking, which threatens to corrupt our public virtue and undermine our public institutions. Thousands of men enter into our political excitements only to secure comfortable places under the Government, and boldly present their partisan services as claims to public employment. If a man understood hereafter, that only service in the ranks of the army would constitute a claim, when the applicant was otherwise fit for the appointment, we should see these place-patriots either taking a musket in hand, to establish for themselves a better claim than partisan service, or we should see them leaving the field of politics, as one wherein a livelihood is to be made, to engage in a vocation more reputable in itself and more useful to the community generally. All that were fit for soldiers would soon be in the ranks of the army, all that were not fit, would be compelled to go to employments from which no public mischief could arise. Mr. Lincoln has now an opportunity which few of our Presidents have had, of showing to the world that republics are not ungrateful, and proving himself to be one of the most honest and practical reformers of the age, for the reform would strike effectually at the greatest source of corruption existing in our republic.

THE CONFISCATION LAW.

The Confiscation bill, after apparently a deadlock, was suddenly resuscitated on Friday week by the Conference Committee, and a report was agreed upon, made to the House, and passed that body by a vote of 82 to 42—the Republicans, almost without exception, voting for it, and the Democrats against it. Three members from Slave States voted yea. The bill adopted is much stronger than any heretofore proposed. It declares death for treason, and the freedom of a traitor's slaves; or he shall be imprisoned five years, fined $10,000, and his estate, except slaves, shall be seized. For inciting rebellion or giving it aid or comfort, forfeiture of personal property, ten years in prison, $10,000 fine, and slaves set free. The President is authorized, for putting down the present rebellion, to seize the property of all such persons and convey the proceeds to the Government. He is to proclaim that if in sixty days the rebels do not return to their allegiance, their property shall be forfeited. Slaves of persons engaged in rebellion or who give aid and comfort to the Rebels, and take refuge in our lines, shall be held as captives of war and be forever free from slavery.

So also shall be all slaves deserted by their masters and coming under control of our Government; also all slaves found at places occupied by our troops. No slave escaping from one State to another State be delivered up except for crime or some offence against the laws of the United States, until the claimant shall make oath that he has not borne arms in the present rebellion, or given aid and comfort thereto. No person engaged in naval or military service shall decide on the validity of the claim or surrender such slaves on pain of being dismissed from the service.

The President is authorized to *employ as many persons of African descent for the suppression of the rebellion as he may think fit, and use them of such manner as he may deem best for the public welfare*, and he is also authorized to make provision for colonizing the blacks beyond the limits of the United States. The President is also to extend to prisoners pardon and amnesty, as he may deem expedient.

The effort to stay the passage of this bill was very feeble; a point of order from Mr. Mallory, one from Mr. Cox, both overruled, and a motion to table it from Mr. Allen, which got but forty-two votes, was all. It subsequently passed the Senate. On Wednesday, the Confiscation bill as amended at the suggestion of the President, passed. The modifications introduced into the bill, upon its reconsideration, were twofold. One made the law prospective in its penal operation, and the other limited the penalty, so far as regards real estate, to the life of the owner. As originally passed, the act was imperfect in these several particulars, and the President hesitated, from conscientious scruples, to give it his sanction in that form.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

Intelligence from the War Department announces that a portion of General Pope's army has advanced to Gordonsville and destroyed the railroad connections there, which cuts off the rebels at Richmond from all railroad communication by way of the Virginia Central, or the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This will cripple Jackson in any future attempt to molest the Valley of the Shennandoah, for he would now have to go down to Lynchburg in order to get to Stanton by railroad. He could not make any such sudden movement now as he lately made to the Pamunky to attack McCall's Division. Gen. Pope commences his career with an entire change of policy. His troops, hereafter, are to find their supplies in the enemy's country, and the sympathizing "Secesh," who endeavor to embarrass his movements or give aid to the rebels in information, are to be held accountable for their acts, and the people along the railroad and telegraph line are to be responsible for any injury done to it, which could have been prevented by timely information. Gordonsville lies southwest of Fredericksburg and about thirty miles from it. It is the farthest point yet reached by our army in that direction. It looks as if Pope was going to endeavor to cut off entirely the communication in the rear of Richmond. We shall soon see what his movement means and what effect it will have in strengthening McClellan's operations on the opposite side of Richmond.

REPORTS OF A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

We have reports of an attempt on the part of the rebel ram Arkansas to pass through our gunboats at Vicksburg. It appears that she was lying upon the Yazoo river, and an expedition was about to ascend that river for her capture. She ran down, however, among the fleet below Vicksburg, passed successfully through, though attacked by all of them, and got safe under the rebel batteries. Van Dorn's despatch says she was not much injured, and that she inflicted considerable injury on several of our vessels—sinking the Benton, firing a gunboat, and doing some mischief to one of the mortar boats. We think it is likely that there has been an encounter between these vessels, but probably with a different result from that stated. The mortar boat would certainly have no caute to run away from a ram so crippled that she could not use her steam. The Union fleet is divided at Vicksburg, part above and part below. The heavier vessels are above, and are in somewhat of a predicament. They went up while the stream was full of water, but as it has since retired, they will have either to remain where they are till the water gets high, or run the risk of again passing the batteries, which pretty well cut them up as they went up. The rebels are also establishing batteries below, at Grand Gulf, to prevent communication between Vicksburg and New Orleans.

DEMANDING RECOGNITION.

It is stated on advices received from Richmond that Jeff Davis has sent a special messenger to the Emperor of France and the Queen of England, with despatches of a private nature, demanding the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and urging it also upon the ground that the rebel Government has won a series of victories over the Union army, proving that they are able to maintain their separate government. What effect these arguments will have upon governments sympathizing with rebellion and desiring, from motives of policy, to destroy the Union, cannot positively be predicted, but it would appear questionable to the world how foreign powers could recognize the Confederacy as a separate government, able to maintain itself as such, when it is so encompassed by Union forces that neither France nor England can have any diplomatic dealings with the government they would recognize, except through the courtesy and permission of the Federal Government. All the entrances to the so-called Confederacy are barred by the National fleet and the National armies. The chief commercial port is in the occupancy of Union soldiers, and not a ship from England or France could go up to New Orleans, now not under blockade, to carry goods to the "confederates," but would have to pay the custom duties to United States officers, to be handed over to the United States Government. They might clear for Confederate ports, but would search in vain for any one which they could enter, in which the United States authority had not an actual paramount existense, which they would have to acknowledge.

A Government able to maintain its independence ought also be able to have some fixed capital where the accredited agents of other Governments may be able to find them. Jeff. has nothing of the kind. He was obliged to remove his capital from Montgomery for fear Halleck's invading army would carry off his Cabinet and Congress. At Richmond, to which he removed in so much haste, he is trembling now at the advance of the formidable army which besets it. If the rebel army has met with so much success in its recent encounters, how is it that it has not driven away McClellan's army from before Richmond, and why is that city now beleaguered with a most formidable force by land and river? These facts may possibly create some doubts in the minds of European powers whether the Confederacy has any claims upon their recognition; but whatever course they may think proper to pursue will make no difference in the relations between our Government and the rebels. Rebellion is to be put down; the people have the means, and they will do it in spite of all resistance at home or obstacles from abroad.

RESIGNED HIS COMMAND.

General Halleck has resigned his immediate command of the army of the Southwest. This seems confirmatory of the rumors, current for some days past, that Halleck was to be at Washington, either as Secretary of War or as military adviser to that department. Gen. Halleck is an able officer, as his successful campaign in the West proves, and, if the purpose of his retiring from command in the Southwest is to superintend the military operations of our armies, much good may be expected to result from it. Evidently, the trouble with our military plans is that they have not been devised recently by one mind, and hence their unity and effectiveness have been destroyed and their triumphs checked for want of necessary cooperation. A skilled general like Halleck would never have let such a condition of affairs arise as recently occurred in the valley of the Shenandoah. The separate commands there, acting independently of each other, would have been consolidated, and made by their action to contribute largely towards the success of the operations before Richmond. The unfortunate result of the generalship in the Shenandoah valley left the rebels at liberty to concentrate their whole force against McClellan, and, outnumbering him so largely, would have crushed him but for the courage, discipline and high fighting qualities of his gallant army, which brought him safely though his peril. Mistakes leading to such results as these could scarcely be made if the military plans were under the personal superintendence and direction of a properly qualified military mind, and, in all our previous military campaigns, we have had this military superintendence to assist the War Department. Gen. Scott was the adviser of Mr. Marcy in the Mexican war during Taylor's campaign, and was called to the field himself to carry out his own plans. He was also the military adviser of Mr. Buchanan when the rebellion was in its incipient state, and of Mr. Cameron till the Bull Run disaster, when his physical infirmities demanded repose from official cares. Gen. McClellan, it is supposed, planned the campaigns after Gen. Scott retired, until he was assigned a special command and duty before Richmond. Since that time the military directions emanating from Washington have not produced the harmony, unity and co-operation required. Our affairs are in that crisis now which demands that every personal consideration and private end be laid aside for the present, and that there shall be a perfect union and hearty co-operation on all sides to aid the armies in the field and bring the war to a successful close.

SEND THEM ON.

The business of recruiting, in this city, is going on tolerably briskly, and we see that one of the new regiments has already enough men to go into camp. Would it not be much better, instead of men remaining in camp here till the regiments are entirely filled up, to send them to Washington, or to some of the localities while a few troops are required to guard, where they could release regiments which have long been in service, and be learning much more rapidly all the essential duties of soldiers? It demoralizes the recruits to keep them long waiting about a city instead of at once giving them active duty to perform. They contract bad habits, and, moreover, if they get displeased or discontented, are very apt to walk off, giving the Government the expense and trouble of searching for them. If they were sent on to the scene of duty as fast as they were recruited, they would be at hand for any emergency in which their services should be required. It is not necessary for the preliminary duties that they should all be recruits of the same regiments. They can, as companies or squads attached to any regiment, learn all that is required until their own regiments are filled, when they could easily be transferred. A few weeks' drilling would enable these fresh recruits to take the places of the more perfectly disciplined troops now at Baltimore, Alexandria, Norfolk, Portsmouth, etc., by which the army before Richmond could be reinforced with troops, some of whom have been nearly a year in service, and must be nearly as reliable soldiers in battle as those which have been fighting before Richmond.

THE MANASSAS ANNIVERSARY.

One year ago the famous battle of Manassas, or as we call it Bull Run, was fought and lost by us. This was the first attempt upon Richmond, and the first general battle of the war. Nearly a year later we are a little nearer Richmond, but that place remains untaken, though more blood has been shed before it than probably will be spilt finally in its capture. Though Richmond has not fallen, still the success of our arms since the Bull Run disaster has been very marked and important. Every place of any importance along the whole Southern coast except Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, has been occupied by United States forces, and eight or ten of the forts seized at the beginning of secession, have been recaptured and are now occupied by U. S. troops. The Mississippi, with the exception of Vicksburg, has been cleared out entirely of the rebels, and one of their armies is so scattered it is difficult to find any remains of it except in the small squads which are roving from one defenceless town to another in search of plunder. The rebels have staked their whole fortunes upon the defence of Richmond, and every effort will be made to hold it. With the new vigor which is being infused into our military affairs, and with rapid recruiting to fill up the decimated regiments, the third effort upon that rebellious capital will probably be the final and successful one.

WHAT WAS IT DUG FOR?—Public speculation has been active for a week or two past over the intelligence that a canal was being cut across a strip of land between the bends of the Mississippi opposite Vicksburg. A news correspondent from Cairo represented that it was for the purpose of making Vicksburg an inland town. The idea of the Commander of a fleet sent to bombard Vicksburg and capture it, participating in a plan to divert the channel of the Mississippi several miles from that town, as one means for a fleet to capture it, could only have entered the head of a correspondent who had very original notions of naval warfare. The true purpose is, probably, to give a safe channel of communication for the gunboats from the river below to the river above Vicksburg, just as the boats are required to be used. It is known that a portion of the fleet steamed past the batteries at Vicksburg, and succeeded in getting above, but at considerable cost to the ships. A channel eight feet in depth would allow the gunboats to pass and repass without any risk, and this is probably the solution of the question.

PROSPERITY spoils the temper of our people—just as sunshine turns wine into vinegar.

MILITARY ADDRESSES.

Gen. Pope is receiving praise for his recent address to his army. It is short, spirited, and, if the performance is equal to some of the promises, will end in good results. As a general rule, however, the less Generals just taking the field indulge in this kind of public display the better. There are too many military addresses and too many military proclamations. It is a bad practice for a General to announce what he intends to do to his adversary. In the first place, it allows his enemy to know his policy, and so to prepare himself by increased vigilance; and in the next the promise is likely to beget large expectations followed by performances not equal to the expectation, which disappoint the public, produce dissatisfaction, lead to doubts of capacity, provoke unfavorable criticism and bitter dissensions, cripple the future efforts of the commander, and finally cause his resignation or removal. General McClellan made a spirited address to his troops on taking them to the Peninsula. He promised to drive the rebels to the wall, and they have driven him back to the James river. These words are now quoted against him sneeringly and derisively by his enemies. The same thing would happen if Gen. Pope should be checked in his advance or be compelled to fall back. His mode of prosecuting the war by assaulting the enemy on every fitting occasion, and seeking as many occasions as possible, is the correct one to hasten results, but unless he is provided with an army sufficient to make it's way against all possible opposition, it would be very erroneous in him to discard the idea of "strong positions," "lines of retreat," and "base of supplies," phrases under which seem to lurk—a sneering criticism upon Fremont, Banks and McDowell, who, no doubt, did the best they could with the means placed at their command. The liability of others to misinterpret his meaning, is a strong reason why a General should not begin his military campaign with speeches. The public should only know of his intentions in the successful blows which he administers, and when the victory is won, they will universally join in applauding his speeches. The proclamations of our Generals have done much mischief, because of the different inconsistent policies which have been announced. The speeches of our Generals are likely to produce more mischief in exciting enmities among different commanders, and causing their quarrels to be taken up by heated partisans, producing bitter distraction and dissension where concentrated effort and the utmost harmony are needed for the great purposes to be accomplished.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Yellow Mask; or, the Ghost in the Ball Room.

Sister Rose; or, the Ominous Marriage.

We have two short and really attractive stories by Wilkie Collins. Among our younger writers of fiction there are few who stand more favorably before the country than the author of the two volumes above announced. He tells his story well and forcibly, in an eloquent manner, and with considerable pathos. As these are short stories, admirably suited to a day's leisure and sojourn in the county, they will, no doubt, meet with free sale.

Olive Blake's Good Work. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Harpers: New York. Peterson: Philadelphia.

This popular romance is by the author of "Isabel," "A Book About Doctors," &c., and is issued in cheap form as No. 222 of Harpers Library of Select Novels.

The Book of Days, a Miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the calendar, including anecdotes, history, biography and curiosities of literature, has reached part five, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ General Pope has announced that his headquarters will be in his saddle.

☞ The newly-born infant of the Queen of Spain has received 124 names.

☞ Bread was 25 cents a loaf in New Orleans. The Picayune says a famine is imminent.

☞ Our thermometer kept steadily at 86 degs. yesterday afternoon—mild atmosphere, and favorable to perspiration.

☞ The editor of the Richmond Examine can write no more treason for some time. His right arm was shattered in the last battle.

The St. Louis papers say the wheat harvest in the West is a most bountiful one; the corn looks well, but oats are unpromising.

☞ A cotemporary says the rebels, within the last year, have driven a large and profitable trade—out of their Confederacy.

☞ Wine in Burgundy is so plenty this season that only 60 centimes—13 cents—is charged for an hour's drinking.

☞ The interest on the Virginia State debt was not paid in London, the statement of "no funds" being made to the claimants.

☞ Juries are often kept shut up without eating or drinking till they agree. The Louisville Journal asks why couldn't that policy be sometimes tried upon Congress?

☞ It is said if Chandler should walk home in the manner he frequently travels the streets, and were paid by the distance traversed, his mileage would bankrupt the Treasury.

☞ A man arrested in East Sheffield for murdering his infant because it was a girl, and he had an over stock of that sex already, has been discharged, no proof of the crime appearing.

☞ Gen. Mitchell's resignation is said to be the result of a quarrel between himself and Gen. Buell. Vague rumors of unofficerlike conduct are circulating against the astronomer-general.

☞ Before France talks much more about intervening in the affairs of the United States, she had probably better finish up that little business of her intervention in the affairs of Mexico.

☞ If you are in debt to your liquor dealer, be sure to keep a gallon of his liquor in your closet, so that if you can't meet his bill, you'll always have poison at hand for a remedy.

☞ As one of the features of these extraordinary times, it may be mentioned that the appropriation of $150,000 for secret service, one of the items of the army appropriation bill, has been increased in the Senate to $500,000.

☞ One of Secretary Chase's currency relief pospositions was to reduce the standard of silver coin ten per cent. Upon hearing the proposition, a committee man said: "Let the President put lead into the enemy, and he will not need alloy in his silver?"

☞ Candidates for office under the new tax act are so numerous that it is said there will be enough disappointed applicants to form a respectable battalion in every State if they choose to seek consolation in the military service.

☞ The Lady Godiva procession in Coventry, England, this year, is described as having been successful, save in one respect. The lady from London who personated Godiva, wore a satin skirt instead of her own hair. The Peeping Toms were sadly disappointed.

☞ The Spragues of Rhode Island have made a most generous and patriotic proposition to the men in their employ who have families. They offer to continue to such, if they will enlist, half their pay during their absence, and to secure their positions to them when they return. That is a noble offer, but nobility is synonymous with Sprague.

☞ There were 363 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 117 were adults and 261 were children. There were 25 from consumption of the lungs; 5 from diptheria; 12 from diarrhœa; 5 from disease of the heart; 25 from debility; 19 from typhoid fever; 11 from inflammation of the lungs; 28 from marasmus; 10 from scarlet fever; and 3 from gunshot wounds.

☞ The importance of a date is shown in a divorce case now on the docket in Chicago. Parties married in November last. Baby in January following. Husband no objection to baby, but don't like the date of arrival. Suspects something wrong about it, and—sues for a divorce. Moral—though procrastination is a vice, being ahead of time is sometimes a sin. Be careful about dates.

☞ The People's State Convention met at Harrisburg on the 17th. Hon. John C. Knox, Dem., was chosen President. Two delegates were present from Philadelphia, and both were admitted. All party distinctions were declared merged in the one classification of loyal and disloyal citizens, and the Convention acting for the former invites all such to rally to the support of the war and the government. This is the sole tenor of the platform. Thomas E. Cochran was nominated for Auditor General, and W. C Ross for Surveyor General.

☞ To marry for love and to miss the object, is certainly a misfortune; but it is one which involves no shame. To marry for money, and not to get it, is quite as common a misadventure as the other, and renders the victim ridiculous, to boot. Nobody pities the fool who, in attempting to defraud his neighbor, cheats himself. Herrick, the old English poet, puts the case very piquantly in the following epigram:

An old, old widow *Greedy* needs would wed,
Not for affection to her, or her bed:
But in regard 'twas often said this old
Woman would bring him more than could be told.
He took her; now the jest in this appears,
To old she was that none could tell her years!

☞ The former editor of the Shelbyville, Tennessee, Expositor, a strong secession newspaper, publishes a card in which he frankly acknowledges that he has been mistaken, and that the best thing for all Tennesseeans to do is to render the Federal Union allegiance, not only from the lips but from the heart. He says: "Like hundreds and thousands of others residing in Tennessee, I was led to believe the calling out of troops by Mr. Lincoln was an evidence of his determination to overthrow the institution of slavery. And thus thinking, I thought it my duty as a Tennesseean, as a man born here, as a man whose interests were all identified with the Southern people, to resist him. In this I now see that I was mistaken. I see also that the attempt to form a Southern Confederacy has proved a complete failure. And for these reasons I regard it as the duty of every man residing in Tennessee to hasten back to his allegiance, and claim protection represented by the 'Stars and Stripes' of the American Union."

NEWS RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH ON MONDAY.

PENNSYLVANIA'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

The Quota of Men from Each County.

HARRISBURG, July 21, 1862.—The Governor has to-day issued a patriotic appeal calling for the enrolment of twenty-one new regiments, and for recruits equal to the deficiency now existing in the regiments already in the field. The new regiments are for nine months, and the recruits for the existing regiments are for one year. The Governor designates below the number of companies which are expected from each of the several counties of the Commonwealth:

SCHEDULE OF APPORTIONMENT.

Adams,	2 companies.	Juniata,	1 company.
Allegheny,	15 do	Lancaster,	8 do
Armstrong,	1 do	Lawrence,	2 do
Beaver,	2 do	Lebanon,	2 do
Bedford,	2 do	Lehigh,	2 do
Berks,	6 do	Luzerne,	7 do
Blair,	2 do	Lycoming,	3 do
Bradford,	5 do	Mercer,	2 do
Bucks,	5 do	Mifflin,	1 do
Butler,	3 do	Monroe & Pike,	1 do
Cambria,	2 do	Montgomery,	5 do
Carbon,	2 do	Montour,	1 do
Chester,	6 do	Northampton,	3 do
Centre,	2 do	Northumberland	2 do
Clarion and Forest,	2 do	Perry,	1 do
Clinton,	1 do	Philadelphia,	50 do
Clearfield,	1 do	Pike (see Monroe),	
Columbia,	1 do	Potter,	1 do
Crawford,	2 do	Schuylkill,	5 do
Cumberland,	2 do	Snyder,	1 do
Dauphin,	5 do	Somerset,	2 do
Delaware,	2 do	Sullivan & Wyoming,	1 do
Erie,	5 do	Susquehanna,	2 do
Elk & McKean,	1 co	Tioga,	3 do
Fayette,	1 do	Union,	1 do
Franklin & Fulton,	5 do	Venango,	1 do
Forest (see Clarion).		Warren,	2 do
Green,	1 do	Washington,	3 do
Huntingdon,	2 do	Wayne,	2 do
Indiana,	2 do	Westmoreland,	3 do
Jefferson,	1 do	Wyoming (see Sullivan).	
		York,	3 do

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM GEN'L POPE'S ARMY.

A Descent on the Virginia Central Railroad

THE TRACK DESTROYED THIRTY-FIVE MILES FROM RICHMOND.

DESTRUCTION OF REBEL AMMUNITION AND STORES.

JACKSON REPORTED NEAR TO GORDONSVILLE.

Important Despatch from Gen. Pope.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
Washington, July 21, 1862.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The cavalry expedition I directed Gen. King to send out on the 19th inst. has returned. They left Fredericksburg at 7 o'clock, P. M., on the 19th, and, after a forced march during the night, made a descent upon the Virginia Central Railroad, at Beaver Dam Creek, twenty-five miles west of Hanover Junction and thirty-five miles from Richmond.

They destroyed the track for several miles, together with the telegraph line, burned up the railroad depot, which contained 40,000 rounds of musket ammunition, 100 barrels of flour and much other valuable property, and brought in a captain, who was in charge, as a prisoner.

The whole country around was thrown into a great state of alarm. One private was wounded on our side.

The cavalry marched eighty miles in thirty hours. The affair was most successful, and reflects high credit upon the commanding officer and his troops.

As soon as the full particulars are received, I will transmit to you the name of the commanding officer of the troops engaged.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN POPE,
Major General Commanding.

Interesting from Gen. Banks' Army.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The burning of the railroad bridge over Rapidan river, was caused by a mistaken idea of some of the soldiers, instead of any order emanating from General Banks, or the immediate commander of the expedition, Brig. Gen. Hatch. The river, however, is fordable at this season, at many points near the bridge, and its destruction can be a matter of no great importance either way.

Arrivals from Sperryville state that there has been almost daily skirmishing between General Siegel's pickets and the rebel scouts, near the Gap at Luray, and that several of the enemy have been killed. They also report that a reconnoissance in force went from Gen. Siegel's command, on Wednesday, towards Madison, and several guns are reported to have been heard in that direction by travellers, the same day.

Parties from Winchester, by way of Front Royal, report that the guerrillas have paid frequent visits to the principal routes leading thither, and in the vicinity of Strasburg and Middletown. All the stores at the latter places have been removed to secure positions.

The following changes have recently been made in General Banks' corps: Brigadier General Augur to the command of the Second Division, vice General Siegel, transferred to the command of another corps; Brigadier General Prince to the First Brigade; and Brigadier General Geo. S. Greene to the Second Brigade of the same division. General Cooper, formerly in command of the First Brigade, has been assigned to duty at Frederick.

The Rebel Jackson Reported to be Near Gordonsville.

WARRENTON, July 21.—It is reported in secession circles this morning that Jackson is at or near Gordonsville. They seem to have received direct intelligence to that effect.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE STEAMER ASIA OFF CAPE RACE.

THE PRESS ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The Three Days' Fight before Richmond.

Europe to Stay the Uplifted Swords.

CAPE RACE, July 21.—The steamship Asia passed here, en route for Boston, at 10 o'clock this morning, with Liverpool dates to the 12th instant.

The series of battles before Richmond is treated as a severe reverse for the Unionists by the whole British press, and Gen. McClellan's position is regarded as precarious.

Lord Palmerston stated that the British troops would not be withdrawn from Canada.

The recognition of Italy by Russia and Prussia has been announced in the Italian Parliament.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—The London Times urges that the fighting before Richmond must have been of the highest importance, and that Gen. McClellan's position cannot but be precarious. These battles of the three days of June mean that the Confederate army is strong enough to hold its position in Virginia for a time that may be indefinitely prolonged, and evidently the Federals will again have to begin the siege of Richmond with a much worse chance than at first.

The new American tariff continues to excite strong hostile comment from the press. The Times literally denounces the spirit which regards the tariff with satisfaction, because of its injurious effect upon England in particular, and Europe in general.

The London Post says that the tariff will be looked upon in Great Britain as a measure tantamount to a declaration of war, and thus the unpopularity of the Northern States will not only be terribly aggravated, but it will impart something more than moral effect to the cause.

The London Herald treats the affair before Richmond as a decisive defeat of General McClellan, and says the Confederate capital is safe. It does not believe, however, that the campaign in Virginia is ended, but supposes it will go on until Europe stays the uplifted swords, and in the name of humanity enforces peace.

The London Morning Post argues that practically the scheme against Richmond has terminated. It then points out the dangerous position of McClellan's army.

The London Globe hopes that the gigantic difficulties which are being developed in the progress of the war may have an effect on both sides, and that more reasonable views may supercede the plan of military conquest.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The freedom of the city of London was formerly presented to Mr. Peabody on the 10th instant.

The ceremony of awarding the prizes at the Great Exhibition took place on the 11th instant, the Duke of Cambridge officiating as the representative of the Queen. It is estimated that 100,000 people were present. The list of the awards fill twenty four columns of small type.

Among the awards in general for machinery, America gets twenty medals for agricultural and horticultural machines, six for military articles, and one medal each for Colt's revolvers and for naval architecture.

FRANCE.—The Paris Patrie asserts that France will never treat with Juarez, but when the French army has entered the city of Mexico, the Mexicans will be consulted and their wishes scrupulously respected. France will only quit Mexico after the complete execution of a future treaty.

The Presse says that the date of Gen. Forey's departure is still doubtful.

COMMERCIAL PER NORTH AMERICAN.—[Via Londonderry.]—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The brokers' circular reports the sales of the week have reached 68,000 bales, including 38,000 bales to speculators, and 19,500 bales to exporters. There has been a reaction in the market, owing to heavy shipments at Bombay, and the quotations of Surats had receded ¾ a 1d. per pound. American descriptions were also offering at ¼d. decline since Wednesday; but still the advance on such for the week is ¼ a 1d. per pound. The sales on Friday, 11th, were only 4000 bales, including 2000 bales to speculators and exporters. The market closed flat at the following authorized quotations:

	Pair	Middling.
Orleans,	19d.	17¾d.
Mobile,	18¾d.	17¾d.
Uplands,	18d.	17d.

The total stock of Cotton at Liverpool is estimated at 156,000 bales, of which 53,000 are of American descriptions.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—In the London money market money was very abundant, and good bills were done at 2a. ¾d. even before the Bank reduced its rate from 3 to 2½.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market has an upward tendency. Flour is steady. Wheat more firm, and tends upward. Corn is firmer.

Strike of Laborers on the Lehigh Canal.

EASTON, July 21.—The laborers engaged in repairing the Lehigh Canal are standing out for an advance of wages. They ask an increase of from one dollar and ten cents to one dollar and thirty-seven cents per day. There are about two thousand men employed. Many of them are willing to continue at work, but by a combination of the strikers no one is permitted to go to work. Work is suspended all along the line.

Steamers Fired on in Western Rivers.

LOUISVILLE, July 21.—The steamer Commercial, Capt. Austin, from Memphis, arrived here yesterday. She reports that the steamers Conner and Eugene, with troops, were fired upon when entering Green River, by the muskets of a party of cavalry. It is not known whether either boat lost any men. On arriving at McAllister's Landing, two miles below Newburg, Indiana, the Commercial was fired into by guerillas, one ball passing through a gangway without causing any damage. The steamer Belle, from Memphis to St. James, was fired into by a gang at Randolph, Mo. The result is unknown.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1862.

The grain shovellers' strike is sensibly abating. The men are beginning to see that the mechanics are "masters of the situation" and that the latter can get along without the strikers better than the strikers can without them. Consequently the mcontents are slowly assuming work—but only ships not using elevators—but as the elevators are still in operation, worked by other hands, it is of little moment at present whether they work on them or not.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Since the commencement of the operation of the confiscation act s of July 1861, the fees of the Collector and Surveyor of this port, from suits brought into the United States District Court alone, have been over $600,000.

Professor Anderson has had his magical apparatus attached, on the suit of ten of his ballet girls, to whom he owes $320, and who have made affidavit that he is insolvent and unable to pay them.

The number of European immigrants arrived at this port during the week ending Friday, was 2360, a total of 38,397 from 1st of January to date, against 47,580 corresponding season last year.

Gov. Morgan's refusal to convene the Legislature for the purpose of providing the federal government with the State's quota of troops under the new call by the President, does not meet with universal approval. The $50 bounty which the Governor offers on his own responsibility, to recruits, however, will no doubt hurry up the enlistments, and that, after all, is the great point. Many appear to think that had the Legislature been convened the bounty would have been higher.

Annexed is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandize, at this port, for the week ending July 18th and since the 1st of January:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Dry Goods,	$4,401,746	$2,207,100	$1,077,029
General merchandise.	2,278,955	1,163 321	2,353,655
Total for week	$6,769 701	$2,410,421	$3,430,634
Previ'ly reported,	124,289,886	8,947,134	89,206,528
Total since Jan.	$131,059,587	$84,357,555	$92,637,212

The week closes with an easy money market. On call the range is five per cent., with but a small demand. First class sixty days' paper is snatched up as it appears, but with very little offering, the rate is 5a5½. The next single names sell at 5a6, and second class at 7a10.

COTTON continues firm; some sales of middling Uplands were made at previous prices.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State flour is more active; 19,000 bbls. were sold at $5 a $5 25 for superfine State and Western, $5 40 a $5 55 for extra State, $5 45 a $5 55 for the lower grades of Western extra, and $5 50 a $5 60 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern flour is unchanged; we hear of sales of 2000 bbls. at $4 40 a $5 95 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 a 6 07 for the better kinds. Rye flour is in fair demand at $2 80 a 4 20. Corn meal is selling at $3 40 a 3 50.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is more active and prices are higher; 300,000 bbls. are reported sold at $1 05 a 1 14 for Chicago Spring; $1 13 a 1 18 for Milwaukie club; $1 24 a 1 28 for red Western, and $1 36 a 1 41 for white Michigan. Rye is in fair demand; 4000 bush. changed hands at 74 a 76c. for Western, and 78 a 80c. for State. Oats are selling at 46 a 49c. for Western, Jersey and State. The market for corn continues steady. Sales of 70,000 bushels were made at 52 a 50c. for mixed Western.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is less active 900 bbls. changed hands at $10 75 a 11 for mess; and $8 75 a 9 for prime. The market for Beef is unchanged. Lard is in better request; 2,000 packages were sold at 9 a 9¼c. The market for Butter and Cheese is steady, and prices are unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market is heavy; 500 barrels were sold at 30¼ a 30¾c.

THE PRINCIPAL MEASURES OF THE LAST CONGRESS.—The following are the principal measures adopted by the Congress just closed:

The Free Homestead Act.
The Pacific Railroad Act.
The revision of the Supreme Court Judicial Districts.
The act appropriating Public Lands to the foundation and support of Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges in the several States.
The act Retrenching Military Expenditures and Allowances.
The prohibition of Slavery in all the Territories of the Union.
The abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.
The act confiscating the property and emancipating the slaves of persistent rebels.
The following bills failed:
The National Bankrupt Law.
The Abolition of the Franking Privilege.
The Mileage Reform.
The admission of the State of West Virginia.
The bill providing for a National Banking System.
The bill providing compensation for those States which may see fit to abolish Slavery.
The bill providing for the ascertainment and satisfaction of the losses of loyal citizens by military devastation.
The bill providing for the Enlargement of Locks, &c., on the New York and Erie and Illinois and Michigan Canals.
The bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners (in Forts Lafayette, Warren, &c.)

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—One of the last Acts of the late session of Congress was to meet the great emergency of the times—an almost universal want of small change. It passed a bill making Postage and other United States stamps a legal-tender, and receivable for all dues to the Government of less amount than five dollars, and that bill is now a law. "Other United States Stamps," we presume, has reference to those created by the law authorizing the collection of an Income Tax, and which vary in denomination from one cent to five d

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

[FROM THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.]

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory—
There flourished, far away,
In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Within the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting, no dread of dying
Could ever enter there—
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city walls, death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side—
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O, bliss to dwell therein—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no graves between!

To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth,
To live on, never lonelier or older,
Radiant in dea hless youth!

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that bless'd abode,

Where never death should come between, and sever
Them from their loved apart— [ever,
Where they might work, and will, and live forStill holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride, [sure,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treaAnd never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving
With unabated breath;
And other years still found them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this—
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall, [ing
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealOutside the city wall.

Craving, with wish that knew no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying,
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied:
And few, methinks, would need care to find the city
Where never any died!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"

and "Working Farmer," &c., Characterized.

A passing notice of these two leading American agricultural monthly journals may not be out of place in the Agricultural Department of the "Dollar Newspaper." I have, since 1857, been a regular reader of the "American Agriculturist," published in the city of New York. It professes to be "a thorough going, reliable and *practical* journal, devoted to the different departments of soil-culture," as we learn from Orange Judd, its editor and proprietor. And to secure and maintain this character, he informs us, in his editorial notice of the "Agriculturist,' that it "gives" its readers, "every year," "over 1200 plain, practical, instructive articles and useful items." These "useful *items*" consist of a great variety of very short notes of matters and things—being merely *answers* of the editor himself to the numerous inquiries made of him from time to time by his subscribers in the United States and in Canada. These answers are, doubtless, quite interesting, and, it may be, often very satisfactory to his readers; and so are well calculated to make his journal popular among the masses of our plain and practical tillers of the soil. But the more intelligent portion of his readers—those who desire to have a *full* view of the philosophy of agriculture—care but little about those brief notes of things, and are mostly indifferent as to spending the time necessary to read matters that have long since been as familiar to them as their A B C. And hence a hurried glance is all that these "*useful* items" usually receive from them, for they want something more copious and philosophical—something that they *do not yet know or properly understand*. And to gratify this class of our rural population Mr. Judd has in every number of his journal, what he calls his "*instructive* articles"—which consist of moderately lengthy articles on husbandry written by himself or his correspondents. And these articles partake of double nature, that is, are at once both practical and philosophical. "Timothy Bunker," Esq., of Hookertown, Connecticut, who is a fictitious character, I presume, figures pretty largely in this department of the "Agriculturist," for he writes "like a man having authority," and like one who, having an exalted notion of his own superior wisdom, seeks continually to impress it upon the minds of all rural-clodhoppers *that he is the boy to instruct them*. And it must be admitted that "Timothy" does, at times, display considerable shrewdness, but he is not near as wise as he thinks he is, and has manifestly much to learn himself yet in agricultural philosophy. And the same remark will apply with equal force to Judd's other correspondents, who give us their thoughts in the "Agriculturist," and also to Judd himself, for the "Agriculturist," valuable as it is in many respects, can, under proper management, be made far more interesting and valuable than it now is. But to do this will require much more profound philosophical study and care than are now bestowed upon the preparation of its printed pages.

"The Working Farmer," published by J. J. Mapes, of the same city, New York, on the other hand, seems to be designed to afford copious instruction on the theory or philosophy of farming. For it discards the numerous little practical "items," so much prized by Judd in the "Agriculturist," and give us selections of *philosophical agriculture* from European and American agriculturists and writers. And in doing so it seems to select such information as is both practical and philosophical. But *artificial manures* constitute the manifest and grand hobby of this journal, as it avails itself of every means within its power to bring into notice and recommend the manures prepared for the public by its own editor, termed, "Mapes' Patent Nitrogenized Super-Phosphate of Lime," &c. And to render this journal still more attractive it contains occasionally a brief abstract of the lectures or agricultural conversations or debates, of the Agricultural Society of the city of New York—particularly when Professor Mapes, or some other noted person, discourses on manures in general or on some artificial manures in particular. And all this is very well, so far as it goes, for every man has an undoubted right to speak and write of his own *wares and merchandize*, if he so wish, and advise people to come and buy and try their value. But no man is bound to believe all he says, however plausible his statements, or those of his friends, who *have* tried said articles, may be. Professor Mapes has also the reputation of being a very *scientific* and *successful practical* tiller of the soil, mainly through the use of his own invented manures &c., for great improvements might be made in all of these journals if the right sort of men had the control of them. And the same thing is moreover true of our "United States Patent Office Agricultural Reports," as they generally treat of things of inferior or at best of but secondary importance, while those of the first and very highest importance to us as individuals and as a nation, are but lightly and very imperfectly touched on, if noticed at all. And our National Report on Agriculture for the year 1860, now before me, give us, I am sorry to say it, no signs or hopes for any improvement in that quarter in this respect. Let me not be understood as undervaluing the subject of Beeculture, Pisciculture, Insects Injurious to Vegetation, Wine-making, Grape-culture, Tea-culture, &c., treated of in said Report, for they are all important in their place. But they dwindle down into utter insignificance when compared with the *best ways and means of renovating worn-out soils and keeping them rich and productive*—a subject scarcely hinted at by our agricultural reporters at Washington. For these secondary and inferior matters fill up the pages of our National reports on agriculture to the almost entire exclusion of everything that lies at the foundation of our national success in agriculture. Surely, surely we need an agricultural reform at Washington, and must have it. But we can never obtain it under the management of what Judd calls "a good florist, or a successful wheat-grower, or an excellent dairyman," for we must have a man there "who can look after and foster the *general and varied* agricultural interests of our country"—one who, let me add, has carefully and critically studied the best works on *scientific and practical* agriculture, and is as familiar with the principles and our real agricultural wants as he is with the rudiments of his mother's tongue. This I am sure of, for I have studied these things too long to be mistaken in what I now say.

July, 1862. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WASHING CORN.

For a considerable increase of our comfort in partaking of whatever has been made in our family from Indian corn we have been indebted, for some months past, to some hints which we found in the "Country Gentleman" of April 3d, of this year. Thinking it highly probable that not a few of the readers of the "Newspaper" may be as much benefitted by the hints referred to as we have been ourselves, we have been induced to lay the sum and substance of said hints before said readers.

Though the wholesomeness as well as the palatableness of food prepared from Indian corn has been generally admitted, yet it seems to have seldom or never to have occurred to the multitudes who make use of such kind of food, that both in respect of wholesomeness and palatableness all the various preparations from corn might be greatly improved by washing the grain before sending it to mill. It seems somewhat strange to ourselves that we should never have thought of such a process of cleaning and purifying what we sent to be ground, as what is usually sent to mill has been taken from a crib to which mice, rats, and other vermin have had more or less free access. Doubtless hundreds of the readers of this will also wonder that it should never have occurred to them that their grists of corn would have been much improved, both in sweetness, wholesomeness, palatableness, and good relish by a little previous washing and purifying.

Now for the process: Take a brass kettle or large tub nearly half full of water, but not quite, boiling; put in the shelled corn, and let it remain for a few minutes, and then stir it briskly with a paddle, broom-handle, puddingstick, or anything else of the kind. The writer in the "Country Gentleman" does not make mention of more than one rinsing or washing, but we have always rinsed what we have prepared in one or two waters besides the first one. And every one who desires to make a thorough job of cleaning his grist, will continue to rinse it with successive additions of clean water until it pours off quite clear. The corn thus washed may be easily dried in a day or two by spreading it on a sheet, or other clean surface, in a warm room, or in a chamber over a stove-room in the winter; and, if in summer, by placing it where it will have the benefit of wind as well as sun. If the corn cannot be spread out enough, but that it is two or three inches deep, it must be stirred occasionally. Those who will go to the trouble of thus purifying their grists of corn, will find that they can have something as sweet and as fresh as *new* corn all the year round, and that their puddings, Indian bread, Johnny-cakes, &c., &c., are all very much improved.

DANA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SUBSOILING AND TRENCHING.

Subsoiling and trenching are synonymous terms. The former for the field in agriculture and the latter for the garden in horticulture, both operations being the same, but performed with different instruments—the plow for the field and the spade for the garden. And although universally known what they really are, and the advantages often to be gained by the operation, neither the one nor the other is seen in practice, with a very few exceptions. In order to find the reason why it was so, I looked into one or two books to see how trenching should properly be done, as I wished my garden regenerated, and, to my surprise, the subject was treated so lightly as if every one had known how to perform the operation, and nothing practical could be gained from the author, whilst the other left me in a maze of obscurity with an overdose of instructions. My object in thus writing is to explain, as concisely as possible, how to trench a piece of land with the spade. Suppose, for instance, the garden to be a square with one side facing east, one west, one north, and one south. The first operation is to dig a a ditch one spade wide and two spades deep along one side of the garden, say, the west, wheeling the earth to the eastern side to fill up with at the conclusion of the job. This preliminary ditch being made, the trenching commences, and is an easy operation. Go to the northwest corner, and, with your face to the west, drive in your spade as is usual in delving, and, without any lifting whatever, just tumble the spadeful over. Go along the whole line in this manner, which is a pleasant amusement, turning the old surface earth to the bottom of the ditch. Now return to the same corner and stand on the bottom of this last cut, with your face now to the north, and dig going backwards, turning the earth on to the surface of that which has just been tumbled into the ditch. Your original ditch will now be filled up and another made, and just of the same dimensions, so that by repeating these two systems of spading the work will be completed. The last is the spading of the surface over into the ditch, with your face to the west going sideways, and the other is the spading of the subsoil with your face to the north, and going backwards, your feet being on the bottom of the first spading.

Du Page County, Ill, 1862. S. T.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

PLOWING LAND IN COLD CLIMATES—*James Creek, Pa.*—In the "Newspaper" of June 11th, "D., Kent county, Marylan.," asks whether plowing land in the fall, in cold climates, injures it, when the soil is heavy and becomes hard during the summer. One of the best means of mellowing and fertilizing it is to plow it in the fall. One objection to fall plowing is that it is frequently done when the land is too wet. I know of instances where the product of clayey soils was doubled by being plowed in the fall. Plowing loosens the surface, thus allowing the air to penetrate to a great depth, and the action of the frost during the winter pulverizes and mellows it. Marshy land requires no manure as long as it is marshy. The best means of increasing its productiveness is to procure a good lot of drain tiles and lay them carefully, giving them sufficient fall, not less than three feet in depth, and if the marshy nature of the soil extends deeper, they must be laid below it. If there is much water the drains should not be more than two rods apart, with side drain to lead off the water from very marshy spots.

THUNDER STORMS AND MILK.—In the "Dollar Newspaper" of the 25th of June, "H., Nashville, Tenn.," wishes to know why thunderstorms change sweet milk to sour. Thunderstorms, whether violent or otherwise, never change sweet milk to sour; neither do they produce any effect whatever on any other liquid. It is the state of the atmosphere at the time of a thunder storm. There is no remedy unless the milk can be closed up in an air-tight room. A little observation will reveal the cause of such things. When milk is too cold it will not sour; and when too warm it sours immediately, not even allowing the cream time to rise before it thickens.

BOELUS.

TO "GROW TIMOTHY.—*Mercer County, N. J.*—I notice in last week's issue of the "Newspaper" some inquiries relative to the right culture of timothy. I seeded a ten-acre field last August. The soil was a sandy loam with occasional variations of gravel. In September the field was thoroughly plowed, a moderate application of stone lime being given. One bushel of rye was sown per acre, harrowed in with a two-horse fallowed harrow both directions of the field. This field was sown also at the same time with two bushels of timothy, sown immediately after the second harrowing, but followed by the same heavy implement, thus burying the grass seed deeply in the soil. Now note carefully the result: this summer the field is matted with a vigorous growth of excellent timothy, much of it in luxuriant bloom, tall enough to be cradled with the rye. You ask, brother farmers, what there is peculiar about the transaction? Simply this fact: that my neighbors, owning similar soil, have ceased to attempt to cultivate timothy grass, being discouraged by repeated failures. But what was the precise method of culture practiced by these farmers? Just as all hasty and unreflecting men do, observing no rational connection between cause and effect, these men would sow the seed some weeks after the soil had become hardened by the influence of rain and sun, and not harrow at all. Of course the seed could not germinate, but blew away.

T, D.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AMERICAN FOREST AND FRUIT TREES.

PAW, PAW.—This tree, which bears a rich, luscious fruit, some what similar in taste and appearance to the Bannana, grows wild on the Juniata and other parts of our country. I do not know that any attempt has been made to subdue or to cultivate this native fruit. I have no question that, by proper cultivation, it might be greatly improved; as it is, I think it is worthy of the attention of horticulturists and fruit-growers. As a curious specimen of native fruits it might well be transplanted into the gardens and orchards of the farmer or nurseryman. No doubt the latter could dispose of large quantities if a tree of a sufficient size could be produced in proper season for transplanting.

PERSIMMON.—This is another fruit which grows wild on nearly all the large streams in Pennsylvania. I have not heard of any attempt having been made to subdue or improve this astringent fruit, which is scarcely palatable till a few severe frosts have robbed it of some of its tonic qualities. Good cultivation might make this fruit worthy the attention of fruit-growers.

WILD CUCUMBER.—This is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all American forest trees, not even excepting that pride of the South, the Magnolia. It grows on the mountain sides in Central Pennsylvania, especially among the spurs of the Alleghanies. It has a rich leaf similar to the leaf of the orange, and is a tree of the truest symmetrical proportions, bearing a fruit of the richest ruby, which in contrast with the deep green foliage, makes it an object of great beauty. It contains quinine in its fruit which is intensely bitter, and is largely used steeped in whisky for bitters. The late Jacob Gratz, Esq., had one of these trees transplanted from his extensive estate, in Centre county, to Washington Square, in Philadelphia, but unfortunately it did not grow. It is said it seldom grows after transplanting. This may be owing to the want of care in removing from a great distance, or wounding the roots by careless digging. As the fruit contains an abundance of seeds, it could be easily raised by nurserymen, and whoever has the first lot of trees to transplant, that he can warrant to grow, can command his own price. Such beautiful objects when sought after will bring what any one will dare ask for them. EDWARDS.

Nashville, Tenn., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INSECTS ON OATS.

We are now on the eve of our oat harvest. The stalks and blades are very much injured with rust, and besides there is a little spider-looking insect just on the top of the grain, or around where it is joined to the stem. This insect is red and full of blood, or something that is red like blood. There are millions of those living creatures. They first made their appearance here last, year a little later. Some persons think they injure the grain by sucking the sap that goes into the grain. I am an old man, but never saw them before, or anything like them. Some farmers in Maryland, the adjoining State, told me they are there this year thick, but that there were none last year. They are very much alarmed on this account, and purpose harvesting them as soon as possible, for fear, I suppose, that the grain will drop off from the stem. There is also an insect I never saw before on the potato vines, eating them up, a nasty little slimy something that I never saw before. I would be glad if some of your numerous correspondents would enlighten us soon on this subject. T. M.

New Castle County, Del., 1862.

OUR COUNTRY AND HER FLAG.

BY DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

We do not hate our enemy;
May God deal gently with us all!
We love our native land; we fight her foe;
We hate his cause; and that must fall!

Our Country! O! that goodly land!
Our noble country, whole and hale!
We love her, live for her, or die;
To fall for her is not to fail.

Our Flag! the Red denotes the blood
We gladly pledge. The snowy White
Means purity and solemn truth,
Unsullied justice, sacred right.

Its Blue, the sea we love to plow,
That laves the Heaven-United Land,
Between the old and older world,
From strand, o'er mount and stream, to strand.

The Blue reflects the crowded stars—
Bright Union, emblem of the free:
Come every one, and let it wave—
That floating piece of poetry.

Our fathers came and planted fields
And manly law, and schools and truth.
They planted Self-Rule—we will guard
By word and sword, in age and youth.

Broad Freedom came along with them,
On History's ever widening wings,
Our blessing this—our task and toil;
For "arduous are all noble things."

Then sing and shout for our free land,
For glorious Freeland's victory;
Pray that in turmoil and in peace,
Freeland our land may ever be.

THE REBELLION.

THE GUERRILLA RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

MARAUDERS AT LEBANON.

BANK AND POST OFFICE ROBBED.

Two Hotels and a Large Portion of the Town Burned.

SKIRMISH WITH PART OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH KENTUCKY.

Yesterday the city was full of rumors of guerrilla raids. There is no doubt but the vile suggestion of marauding bands to rob, steal and murder has been put into practice. Night before last a skirmish took place at New Hope, between a rebel force under the notorious Jack Allen, one of Morgan's gang, and some Union troops. The rebels were beaten and pursued several miles. They had their revenge, however. They went to Lebanon, robbed the Commercial Bank and a private bank, and burned the depot of the railroad, and, it is said, burned part of the town. Whither the gang went, we could not ascertain. It is reported, on pretty good authority that about 200 of the marauders are assembled at Garnettsville, in Meade county. Later news is, that several citizens of Lebanon were killed, and that the guerrillas were about 800 strong. It is further reported that the robbers were within a few miles of Danville yesterday, where no doubt the banks will be robbed.

The Nashville train did not arrive last night, but no further news from this line. The Campbell House and Harris House, at Lebanon, were burned.

Lieut. Col. A. Y. Johnson, of the 28th Kentucky, had two companies at Lebanon. They are said to be taken prisoners, except Captain Barth and ten of his company, who escaped.

There is reason to believe that there is a general uprising of rebels in this State, and we are prepared to hear more of these robbers and murderers

The movements to meet the scoundrels we shall not publish for their benefit. They can find out to their cost. The case calls for the most energetic treatment. Men who resort to such measures are entitled to no sympathy or mercy.

We hope Gen. Boyle will carry out his order, and compel the sympathizers to pay the expenses, and indemnity those who suffer from these bandits.

STILL LATER.

Two of those engaged in the fight at New Hope arrived last night, with despatches from Genl. Boyle. It is a certainty that a great portion of Lebanon has been burned, including the dwelling house of Foster Ray, the finest house in the town. The post-office was also robbed. The names of citizens of the town who were killed have not reached us, except one, we learn that Mr. Ricketts was one of the number. The Mr. Forman, of Allen's gang, who was mortally wounded at New Hope, died about noon yesterday.

The passenger train that started out yesterday morning returned to the city about noon. It went as far as Bardstown Junction. There is no telegraphic communication between this point and Cave City. The other stations on the road this side of that are all right.

JACK ALLEN ON THE RAMPAGE—HIS GUERRILLAS ROUTED

[From the Louisville Democrat, 12th inst.]

A letter appeared in last evening's Bulletin from Lebanon Junction, Louisville and Nashville Railroad, dated yesterday morning, from which we learn, that at 11 o'clock Friday night at New Hope, five miles beyond New Haven, a part of the 35th Ohio, under command of Lieut. Colonel Moore, encountered a force of rebel cavalry posted on the county road, half a mile south of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. After a brisk fire of musketry for twenty minutes, the enemy were routed and fled. Skirmishers were immediately sent out in different directions, but were unable to find any of the rebels. At 3 o'clock Saturday morning, apprehending that an effort might be made to destroy the bridges in his rear, Colonel Moore moved down to New Haven, and remained till after daylight, when the train went back to the scene of the skirmish. A Mr. Forman, of Owen county, was found mortally wounded. He reported the rebel force at four hundred and fifty, under command of Captain Jack Allen, and that they had fallen back towards Greensburg. One horse was killed and three captured. The books of the company were found on the field. Blood was discovered at various points, indicating tha the enemy was severely punished.' There were no casualties among the Ohio boys.

FROM SOUTHERN KENTUCKY—THE REBEL RAID ON TOMPKINSVILLE.

On the morning of the 9th, Major Jordan, in command of 250 of Col. Williams' Pennsylvania cavalry, stationed at Tompkinsville, Kentucky, near the State line, was attacked by a force of 1,500 rebel cavalry and three pieces of artillery, led by Morgan, Ferguson Hamilton, and Hunt, and after a short engagement the Pennsylvania cavalry were routed, with a loss of four killed and twenty prisoners, Major Jordan being among the latter. The prisoners, except the Major, were paroled, and arrived at Cave City last evening. The loss on the part of the rebels was nine killed and several wounded, among the latter Col. Hunt, who was left at Tompkinsville.

We learn also from Capt. J. A. Brents, who arrived last evening from Columbia, what became of the rest of the Pennsylvania cavalry, though we presume the captain's informant was mistaken in reference to Major Jordan.

Capt. B. was informed by Lieutenant E. C. Smith, of the 12th Kentucky, that Major Jordan, with the main body of his command, had retreated from Tompkinsville to Albany, his loss being very small. The 60th Indiana had gone from Albany towards Rowena, having received information that they were to be attacked by a superior force. Major J. followed them in the same direction.

As the Major was captured, and is a prisoner in Morgan's hands at Glasgow, where it is said Morgan has established headquarters, some one else must have been in command of the retreating cavalry.

THE EXCITEMENT IN CINCINNATI AND THE NEWS OF MORGAN'S ADVANCE.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 14th says:—"On Saturday evening news reached the city of a rebel raid in Kentucky, under John Morgan, which threatened Louisville, Lexington and Frankfort. This news caused much excitement. The City Councils met, and appropriated $5000 to send artillery and troops to Lexington. Troops were forwarded from Camps Chase and Dennison; and a large number of citizens of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport shouldered their muskets. Upwards of one hundred of the police of this city were among the volunteers. A considerable number left for Lexington yesterday morning, and an additional force was dispatched last night. The latest despatch received from Lexington, up to the present writing, states that a portion of Morgan's forces, about four hundred strong, was at Nicholasville, twelve miles from the city. The rebels were supposed to be advancing by three different roads. General Boyle, however, thinks that the intention is to attack Louisville. The rebels had possession of the telegraph between Louisville and Frankfort, and they would probably destroy the railroad bridges. It is to be hoped that Morgan may advance upon the river, so that the Union forces may get a fair chance at them. This force is variously estimated at from two to four thousand. It no doubt gathers strength as it moves through the country. The proclamation issued by Morgan, to the secessionists, to rise, was not an impromptu invitation. The plan was previously fully understood by the sympathizers throughout the State.

At Covington, the excitement was greater, and about 150 persons volunteered, and were sent down in a special train. The Gazette says:

The telegraph office was kept open all day yesterday. At five o'clock the operator at Frankfort signalled the Covington office, stating that Col. Warner's 18th Kentucky regiment was there, and that an Indiana regiment was hourly expected. Mr. Fulton, Superintendent of the Kentucky Central Railroad, received a despatch from Lexington, dated at four o'clock, P. M., which stated that a train from Nicholasville had reached that city, the conductor of which saw a messenger direct from Harrodsburg, bringing the intelligence that Danville, Springfield, Mackville and Harrodsburg were in Morgan's possession. He had left four hundred men at Harrodsburg, and was pushing on to Frankfort, with the hope of capturing it and seizing about thirty pieces of artillery and a large number of small arms in the arsenal. Danville was not injured by the rebels. It was supposed the object of Morgan was to seize the Louisville and Frankfort railroad, cutting off communication between these places, and then make a dash across through Scott county, by the way of Georgetown, Ruddell Mills, &c., and seize the Covington and Lexington railroad between Cynthiana and Lexington.

Yesterday, although it was the Sabbath, was a day of excitement and frequent alarms. The most feverish anxiety prevailed in the minds of the people. All sorts of absurd stories were circulated by designing persons, many of which were received as authentic reports. The constant arrival of troops from all directions, and the hourly departure of trains, loaded down with soldiers, gave an air of briskness to Covington which has not been witnessed since last summer, when the Ohio and Indiana regiments were pouring through, en route to Camp Dick Robinson.

At a quarter past two o'clock, Sunday morning, a train bearing two hundred and eighty soldiers from Camp Dennison, left for Lexington. At four o'clock, another train, carrying a detachment of two hundred and forty, from the Forty-second Regiment, departed. At twelve and a half P. M., the Covington Volunteers left, and last evening the Eighty-fifth Regiment, one thousand strong, and two companies of the Eighty eighth, together with the police force of Cincinnati, started off on a special train.

The news of Morgan's raid raised the drooping hopes of the secession sympathizers in our midst, and they grew suddenly bold, but were met with such determination on the part of loyal citizens not to tolerate any jollifications on their part, that they soon quieted down. At the railroad depot, about the hour of the starting of the Covington Volunteers, Dr Charles D. Foote, well known in Cincinnati, but for several months past a resident of this city, was pretty roughly handled by some Union men. Dr. Foote has been for a long time regarded as a violent secession sympathizer. When the volunteers marched up to the depot, for the purpose of embarking on the cars, he stepped into the ranks and signified his intention of accompanying the expedition. Objections were instantly made by several members of the company, who charged him with disloyalty. He denied the charge vehemently, and insisted on being permitted to go; but there was a very strong objection to him, and he was accordingly ordered to leave the ranks, which he did. After walking a short distance, he was knocked down by some one for a remark he made. A crowd quickly gathered around the combatants, and such was the indignation of the people against Dr. Foote, that he would probably have been killed, but for the timely interference of several Union men, who induced the crowd to let him go away. He was pretty thoroughly pummeled, but not seriously injured, we presume.

A rebel, named James Haley, was overheard to say that "this Union ought to have been dissolved fourteen years ago," was chased by a crowd of indignant loyalists, but escaped unharmed, we believe. Several knock-downs occurred in various parts of the city, growing out of remarks made by secessionists in regard to the raid of Morgan.

Last night the excitement was up to fever heat, having been increased by the announcement that Morgan had captured Nicholasville, the county seat of Jessamine county, and only twelve miles from Lexington.

THE GREAT BATTELS.

Accounts from the Richmond Papers of the Seven Days' Fighting on the Chickahominy.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 30th of June gives the following account of the battles on the Chickahominy up to Saturday, an account of the subsequent battles from the same source having previously been published.

STORMING OF MECHANICSVILLE—CAPTURE OF ELLYSON'S MILLS—BATTLE OF BEAVER DAM CREEK—THE FIGHT AT GAINES' MILLS, &c.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, June 30.]

When Gen. A. P. Hill had steadily driven the enemy from the New Bridge, and had taken up the line of march towards Mechanicsville and the road, evening was far advanced, and it was supposed that a halt would take place. Gen. Ripley, however, with the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth Georgia, and Second and Third North Carolina, made an attack upon the Yankee fortifications at Ellyson's Mills, in which the Forty-fourth Georgia and Third North Carolina suffered extremely, and did not succeed in taking them, owing to the impracticable nature of the ground. Operations were then suspended on our side, but the enemy kept up a deafening roar of artillery till late in the night. Longstreet's forces had meanwhile crossed, and marched parallel with the Chickahominy. The brigades of General Featherstone and Pryor were in advance, and, proceeding some distance, halted for the night.

About midnight Featherstone received orders to change his position, and to occupy a skirt of wood near Beaver Dam creek, and facing the Federal batteries. He did so, and the men were scarcely asleep when, twilight approaching, the enemy discovered the bivouac and immediately commenced to shell it vigorously. The men, thus unceremoniously aroused, seized their muskets and fell in, and General Featherstone, just arrived from head-quarters, led them to storm the position, mounting ten guns, and supported by two or three brigades. Sharp fighting now commenced on all sides, when General Pryor sent for assistance and Wilcox soon came upon the ground. To cover the infantry attack and draw off the artillery fire, the Third Richmond Howitzers, some pieces of the Donaldson and Thomas Artillery, moved up and played upon the enemy's position magnificently. Having engaged the enemy for a long time, and finding it impossible to cross the creek without a bridge, one was constructed by some of the Nineteenth Mississippi and Fourteenth Louisiana under fire. When the whole force advanced and closed up with the enemy, driving them in great confusion from the field. The difficulties of attack at this position were such that it is impossible to give a correct idea without maps—the battery being on a height, flanked by rifle pits, a deep creek at the foot of the hill, and covered with a thick hedge.

A DARING ATTACK.

The attack of our men on this position was impetuous and daring, but the loss was great, for the foe were so screened by their position it was impossible to get at them properly. Their loss was severe. General Featherstone's Adjutant General, George F. Foote, was shot while riding far in advance of the Twelfth Mississippi, and although hailed to return, he did not, and was quickly sizzled out and mortally wounded. His body was shortly afterwards found, despoiled—watch, money and sword gone. The Twelfth Mississippi went out in the morning with 397 men; lost in this engagement twelve killed, sixty-eight wounded and nine missing. The regiment was commanded by Major W. H. Lilly, who was wounded leading a charge, the Colonel being absent and sick and the Lieutenant-Colonel wounded. The Nineteenth Mississippi went into action with 521—had thirty-one killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The Second Mississippi battalion, Col. Taylor, went into action with 234 men, and had thirty killed and wounded. The loss of Pryor's brigade we have not heard, but hear that the Fourteenth Louisiana and the remnant of St. Paul's battalion suffered severely; Wilcox, being in support, did not lose many. The General speaks in high terms of our field pieces in this attack, the Third Richmond Howitzers, some of the Donaldsonville and Thomas artillery having caused great execution among the enemy, and with slight loss to themselves. The rapidity of their fire quite astonished the Yankees, and could be distinctly heard over all our city long before dawn had fairly broken.

FIGHT AT ELLYSON'S MILLS.

While Featherstone, Pryor and Wilson were thus successfully engaging the enemy on the right of our advance, Gen. Maxey Gregg and his brigade were also hard at work, and successfully stormed the strong position of Ellyson's Mills and took up the line of march on the left. They did not advance on the mills by the road, as had been done on Friday evening by Ripley, but simply made a feint in that direction, crossed the main body higher up the creek, took the redoubt and rifle pits on flank, carried them with the bayonet, passed through the camps, and followed the road towards Gaines' Mills, whither the enemy was retiring.

AT GAINES' MILLS.

From prisoners captured at both positions—who proved to be of the Valley army—it was ascertained that we might expect stout resistance at Gaines' Mills, since three or four whole divisions were strongly encamped there, McClellan commanding in person, with Major Generals McCall, Porter, Sedgwick and others—their estimated force being not less than thirty-odd thousand men. As our three columns moved by parallel lines, we followed and conversed with prisoners, who informed us that their loss on Friday at Meadow Bridge, Mechanicsville and Ellyson's Mills had been fearful, and that the whole night had been occupied in burial. The Federals carry off all their dead and wounded as fast as shot, and we only discover those who fall and are left at the actual moment of retreat. This information we believe to be correct.

The heads of our three columns having reached Walker Hogan's farm, north bank of the Chickahominy, about nine miles northeast of Richmond, all came to a halt, and Generals Lee and Longstreet took up quarters in the house and made dispositions for a further advance towards Gaines' Mills, distant about one mile through the woods. Featherstone's brigade having suffered much in the morning, Wilcox led, being followed by Pryor, and Featherstone in reserve. The composition of Wilcox's command is mostly Alabamians; Pryor has the Fourteenth Louisiana, St. Paul's battalion, Third Virginia and one other regiment; Featherstone has the Nineteenth and Twelfth Mississippi and Second Mississippi battalion.

STORMING INTRENCHMENTS

At now being three P. M., and the head of our column in view of the Federal camps, General Pryor was sent forward with his brigade, to drive away the heavy mass of skirmishers posted to our rear to annoy the advance. This being accomplished with great success, and with little loss to us, Pryor returned and awaited orders. Meanwhile, the Federals, from their camps and several positions on the high ground, swept the whole face of the country with their numerous artillery, which would have annihilated our entire force if not screened in the dips of the land and in gullies to our left. Advancing cautiously but rapidly in the skirt of woods and in the dips to the left, Wilcox and Pryor deployed their men into line of battle—Featherstone being in the rear—and, suddenly appearing on the plateau facing the timber-covered hill, rushed down into the wide gully, crossed it, clambered over all the felled timber, stormed the timber breastworks beyond it, and began the ascent of the hill under a terrific fire of sharpshooters and an incessant discharge of grape and canister from pieces posted on the brow of the hill and from batteries on their camps to the right, on the high, flat lands. Such a position was never stormed before. In descending into the deep creek the infantry and artillery fire that assailed the three brigades was the most terrible on record. Twenty-six pieces were thundering at them, and a perfect hail-storm of lead fell thick and fast around them. One of Wilcox's regiments wavered; down the General rushed furiously, sword in hand, and threatened to behead the first man who hesitated. Pryor steadily advanced, but slowly, and by the time the three brigades had formed the position, passed up the hill through timber and over felled trees, Featherstone was far in advance.

Quickly the Federals withdrew their pieces and took up a fresh position to assail the three brigades advancing in perfect line of battle from the woods and upon the plateau. Officers had no horses—all on foot; brigadiers marched on foot, sword in hand; regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants; yet onward they rushed, with yells and colors flying, and backward, still backward, fell the Federals, their men tumbling every moment in scores. But what a sight met the eyes of these gallant brigades in front and on Federal camps, stretching to the northeast for miles; drawn up in line of battle were more than three full divisions, commanded by McCall, Porter, Sedgwick, &c.; banners darkened the air; artillery vomited forth incessant volleys of grape, canister and shell; heavy masses were moving on our left through the woods to flank us. Yet onward came Wilcox to the right, Pryor to the left and Featherstone to the centre—one grand, matchless line of battle, almost consumed by exploits of the day—yet onward they advanced to the heart of the Federal position; and, when the enemy had fairly succeeded in almost flanking us on the left, great commotion is heard in the woods—volleys upon volleys are heard in rapid succession, which are recognized and cheered by our men. "It is Jackson," they shout, "on their right and rear!" Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army have flanked the enemy and are getting in the rear.

Now the fighting was bitter and terrific. Worked up to madness, Wilcox, Featherstone and Pryor dash forward at a run, and drive the enemy with irresistible fury; to our left emerge Hood's Texan brigade, Whiting's comes after, and Pender follows. The line is now complete, and "Forward" rings from one end of the line to the other, and the Yankees, over 30,000 strong, begin to retreat. Wheeling their artillery from the front, the Federals turn part of it to break our left and cover their retreat. The very earth shakes at the roar! Not one piece of ours has yet opened; all has been done with bullets and bayonets, and on ward press our troops through camps upon camps, capturing guns, stores, arms, clothing, &c. Yet, like bloodhounds on the trail, the six brigades sweep everything before them, presenting an unbroken, solid front, and closing in upon the enemy, keep up an incessant succession of volley upon their confused masses and unerringly slaughtering them by hundreds and thousands.

"STONEWALL" AT WORK.

But "where is Jackson?" ask all. He has travelled fast, and is heading the retreating foe, and as night closes in all is anxiety for intelligence from him. "Is now about seven P. M., and just as the rout of the enemy is complete—just as the last volleys are sounding in the enemy's ear, the distant and rapid discharges of cannon tell that Jackson has fallen upon the retreating column, broken it and captured 3000 prisoners. Far in the night his insatiable troops hang upon the enemy, and for miles upon miles are dead, wounded, prisoners, wagons, cannons, &c., scattered in inextricable confusion upon the road. Thus for hours did our inferior force, unaided by a single piece of artillery, withstand over thirty thousand of the enemy, assisted by twenty-six pieces of artillery.

In total we captured 3000 prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery up to five P. M. Monday, and in the battle of Gaines' Mills captured twenty-six field-pieces, 15,000 stand of arms, six stand of colors, three generals (Reynolds, Sanders and Rankin) and over 4000 prisoners, including dozens of officers of every grade, from colonels to lieutenants of the line.

THE FEDERAL FORCE.

Every arm of the service was well represented in the Federal line—cavalry were there in force, and when our men emerged from the woods, attempted to charge, but the three brigades on the right and Jackson's three brigades on the left closed up ranks, and poured such deadly volleys upon the horsemen that they left the ground in confusion, and entirely for their infantry to decide the day. McCall's, Porter's and Sedgwick's crack divisions melted away before our advance, however, and had the fight lasted one half hour longer, not one whole regiment would have survived it. McClellan, prisoners say, repeatedly was present, and directed movements; but when the three brigades on our left emerged from the woods, such confusion and havoc ensued that he gave orders to retreat, slipped off his horse, and escaped as best he could. Some say that he was severely wounded, and many officers (prisoners) believe the report. That he was on the field is undoubtedly true, for everything had been previously prepared for a grand fight at Gaines' Mill, McClellan even promising to capture our whole force should we attempt to storm the camps. Results were different, and so the fates reward the greatest liar of his age.

MONEY WAS FOUND

quite abundantly among the slain. Some men, in inverting the dead, often searched the pockets, &c., one man finding not less than $1000 in gold; another fished out of some old clothes not less than $500; another $1000